Ottawa's Creaky Divorce Mill

BY BLAIR FRASER

A Fearless Attack on

PARTY GAMES

By Robert Thomas Allen

MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 29 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





the blue light that means milk at your doorstep

It's six in the morning—milking time. A blizzard has raged most of the night, blotting out roads, ditches, even fence lines.

As the farmer trudges toward the barn he knows he is cut off from the outside world. What, then, will become of the milk that would otherwise go to waiting customers in the city? Experience has taught him to watch and listen for the answer that he knows will come.

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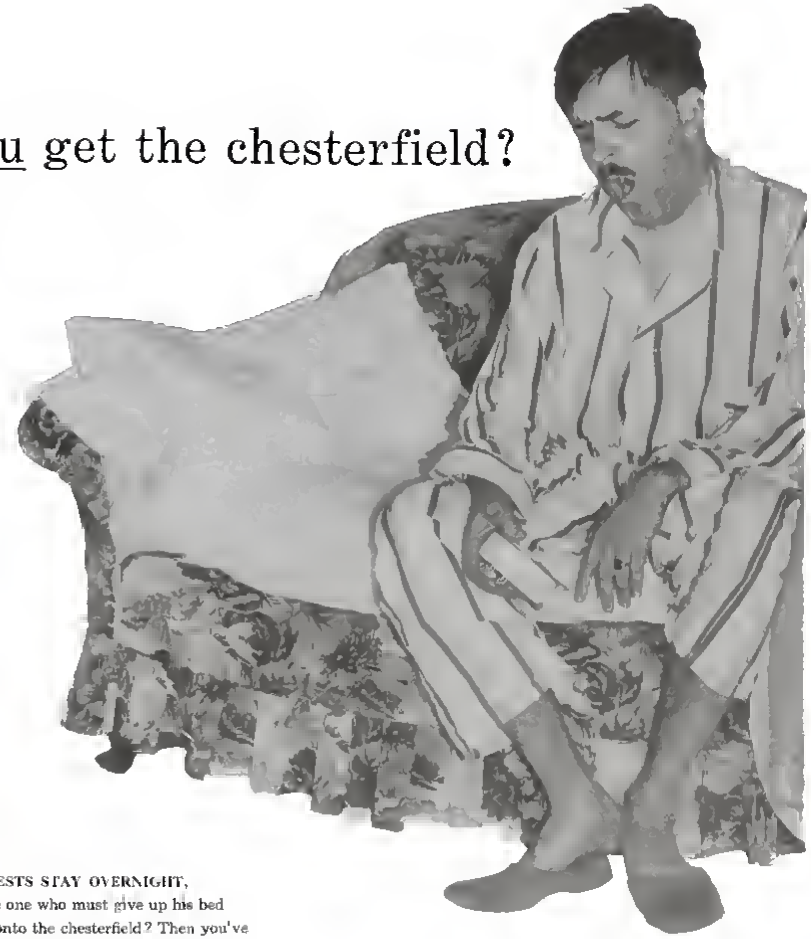
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MACLEAN'S
OCTOBER 29, 1955 VOLUME 68 NUMBER 22
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

Soft Words Don't Mean The Cold War's Over

IT S AMUSING to notice how roles have changed on the world stage since the Geneva meeting last spring

Only seven or eight months ago Canada's Minister of External Affairs, L B Pearson, was being represented to the American public as a dangerous leftist with a tendency to pacifism In the eyes of the late Colonel McCormick of Chicago and the almost equally late Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin, Pearson's subversive talk in favor of the United Nations and such branded him as little better than a fellow traveler

Now, on the eve of the second Big Four meeting of 1955 Pearson has an article in the American quarterly, Foreign Affairs, full of advice to great powers in general and the United States in particular Its title is "NATO After Geneva", its theme that for the protection of the free world against Communist aggression we still need a strong North Atlantic Alliance as much as we ever needed one

Pearson makes the point that nothing in the international situation has changed except the atmosphere—"the dampness has disappeared but the cold is still there, even if we don't feel it as much " The Soviet Union's tremendous military potential is still intact The Communist Party is still functioning all over the world as a combination of fifth column and spy network Not one of the issues that divide the world has been solved, nor has a single move been made toward a solution Yet because these basic disagreements are now debated in reasonably courteous terms instead of an exchange of vulgar invective, there's a growing temptation among NATO countries to relax, save the money and effort they've been putting into rearmament, and generally succumb to the illusion that a new era of peace and good will has already dawned

It's not enough merely to resist this temptation, either, though it must be resisted. NATO must remain strong in more ways than one, morally as well as physically And that means it must become more than a mere defensive military coalition which decays whenever the danger lessens "NATO cannot live on fear alone," as it has been doing until now It must become an instrument of co operation not only in military but also in economic and social fields

None of this is new, of course Most of it was said and all of it was implied when another Canadian Minister of External Affairs, now Prime Minister St Laurent first suggested the North Atlantic Alliance in a speech to the United Nations Assembly It was spelled out explicitly when Canadian delegates insisted that Article II, the pledge of economic co operation be included in the North Atlantic Treaty Only the emphasis has changed—but that has changed diametrically

Then Canada's talk about peaceful collaboration, Canada's insistence that NATO must be something better than an armed camp had a faintly fellow traveling sound to our more belligerent allies. Any deviation from an attitude of implacable ferocity, any attempt to look beyond the immediate task of rearmament, was enough to rouse suspicion of "appeasement"

Now the effect of the same line of argument is precisely the opposite. Now Canada is reminding her more optimistic allies that a struggle for domination of the world began about 1946, between the Communist bloc on one side and a loose but strong association of free countries on the other. Whether the fight be armed and bloody or whether as we now may hope it will be a bloodless political contest, the struggle goes on just the same

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Where Dreamers Pay No Income Tax

IT IS PROBABLE that some of you have never visited the Principality of Liechtenstein. It is even possible that some of you have never heard of Liechtenstein. All of which is very sad because everyone of us, at some stage of his life, has dreamed of such a place.

We are here—my wife, my daughter and a pretty American girl friend and your peregrinating London correspondent—on a motoring tour of Europe. We have done France, Germany and Switzerland so that only Austria remains in our schedule. Then it will be back to London with its monstrous mass of humanity, its waddling omnibuses and its sad little dogs being taken on the lead for a walk.

It was that tall rugged American writer Paul Gallico who invited us to visit this quaint Ruritanian principality. We renewed acquaintance with him at a London first night and when we told him that like Mr. Pickwick and his friends, we were going to take to the open road in Europe he insisted that we should visit him in Liechtenstein where he now lives.

A strange fellow, Gallico. He was a successful sports writer in the U.S. but at heart he was a sentimentalist and a poet. Instead of watching the heavyweight boxers punch each other into insensibility he wanted to write about the sad little cow that was determined to win the contest for the best milk.

Like many men of sensibility he regards food, and the cooking thereof, as something almost sacred. He bought a house in the English countryside where he cooked and wrote, but his vagabond poetic instinct was not satisfied. The English are not dedicated cooks. In fact, has it not been said that they regard the preparation of a joint as a burnt sacrifice?

"When you come to Liechtenstein," he said, "I shall cook you a dinner that you will not forget!" Thus it was arranged, and he assured us that he would book hotel accommodation where we could sleep.

We set off by car from the Rhineland and traveled through the quaint elegance of Switzerland where even the mountains look prosperous and the unmarked cities and towns seem lofty aloof from reality.

Let loose the gods of war but Switzerland is never involved. Her army is always ready and the mountains guard the passes against the invader. In war Switzerland offers sanctuary to escaping prisoners but maintains her neutrality. Spies from both sides jostle each other but normal life ticks on like a Swiss watch. Again and again the generals of the Kaiser and Hitler must have flirted with the idea of invading Switzerland and attacking the allied armies on their flank but they never dared to take the gamble.

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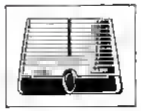


From this medieval mountain castle, completely modernized inside, Prince Franz Joseph II rules his tiny state. His art collection is world-famous.

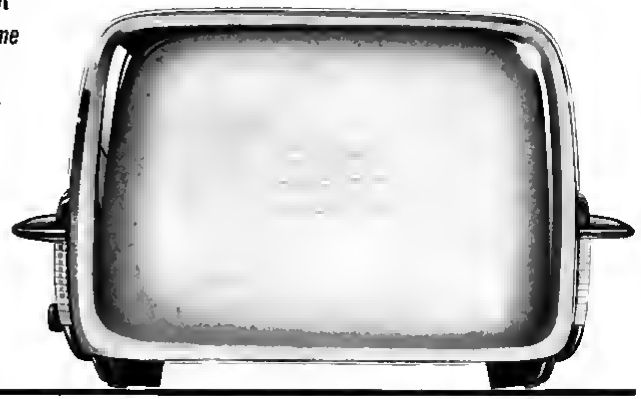
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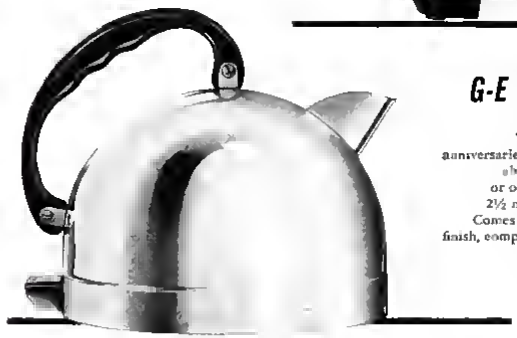
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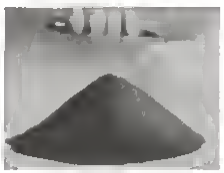
The sensational new Parker LIQUID LEAD "ball point" pencil writes with real pencil graphite in an entirely new liquid form. It's erasable, easy to wash off fabrics . . . always ready to write. No push button to fuss with. Lead is self retracting. Get one today! $3.95; Refill cartridge —39¢.



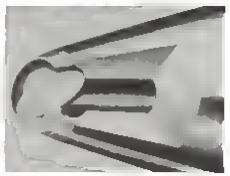
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It's lead-pencil graphite in a new liquefied form! Parker experts have developed a way of blending genuine pencil graphite into a brand new form called Parker LIQUID LEAD.



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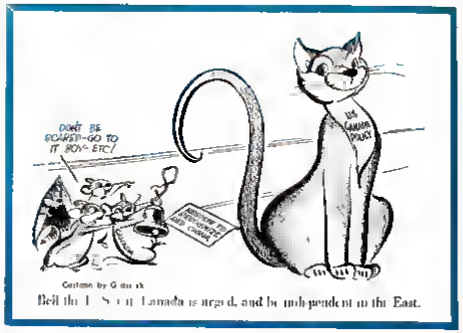
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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



Will We Play "Me Too" In China?

SINCE Canada has the honorable chore of auditing the books of United Nations agencies in various parts of the world, officials of our Auditor General's Office do a lot of traveling. One of them recently came back from Korea with a revealing anecdote about the anti-American riots there a few months ago.

He met a Korean who cheerfully admitted having turned out to riot against the United States and the United Nations truce commission.

"Are these demonstrations spontaneous or are they organized?" the Canadian asked.

"Oh, they are all organized," said the Korean.

"And are you paid for taking part in them?"

"No, we are not paid when we do," said the Korean. "But we are fined if we don't!"

WHAT WITH the misbehavior of allies" in the Far East and the new good behavior of the Chinese, recognition of Communist China is again under lively discussion among Western foreign offices.

European allies would like Canada to bell the American cat by making the first move to break away from U.S. policy and accept the facts of life in the Pacific. Signs are growing that Canada will do so before many months have gone by.

L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, released a trial balloon with a cautious reference to recognition of Red China in a speech at Victoria last summer. The reference was carefully drafted—Pearson discussed it beforehand with Prime Minister St. Laurent, who agreed it would be useful to sound out Canadian public opinion on a matter which had dropped out of sight lately. The sounding was very effective. A lot of editorial comment followed the Victoria speech; almost all of it favorable.

Washington reaction was polite but cool. One American diplomat, commenting privately on the Pearson speech, said Canada would be acting "irresponsibly" if she recognized Red China in advance of a general Far Eastern settlement. He didn't argue that recognition should not come eventually; perhaps fairly soon, but only that it was an important bargaining point which shouldn't be given away free.

Nevertheless, Ottawa is convinced that Washington itself is moving toward a reversal of policy in China, and this is an important reason why Ottawa wants to act first. It is well known that Canada, like the European allies, has never been as strongly opposed to recognizing Red China as has the United States. Only the outbreak of the Korean War prevented at the last minute this change of Canadian policy in 1950. Canadians are now afraid that Washington may decide to change its own policy, tell Canada and the other allies about the change after it has been made, and leave the Western alliance looking like a silly band of yes men saying "Me too."

"While we are still bathing in the waters of Leibe, the Americans will steal our clothes," one External Affairs man predicted.

The thought of Russian mirth at such a development makes Canadian diplomats squirm. There is no indication of an immediate change—Canadian delegates to United Nations are voting as usual for the anenol

Continued on page 59

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

If you could use reprints of this message for friends, staff, or associates, just write Dept. AA.



Photographed especially for Canadian by Karsh

Communism and Human Suffering



Nowhere are we closer to militant Communism than when men suffer unemployment, job frustration, or race embarrassment. Communism's first hope is to inflame such suffering into fires of agitation, anarchy, and revolution.

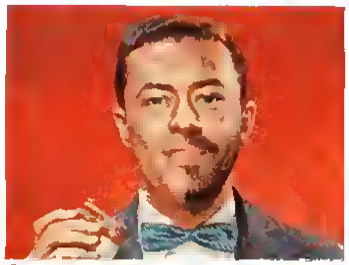
Nor is there an easier target than a free society—for there will always be raw edges in the ebb and flow of an unregimented world.

What is the answer? Two-fold. Let us point to our history . . . the wonderful record of prosperity, opportunity, and human tolerance, and to our fathers who braving untold dangers, knew that it is better to be free with perils than to be "secure" in slavery.

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And you can also see how a Remington shaves the fuzz off a peach and the bristles from a hair brush—bristles tougher than *any* beard

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See "What's My Line" on Canadian TV

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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Every year
Canada's parliament grinds out
about four hundred divorces.
The method is antiquated, costly and unjust.
But our major parties think
it's politically dangerous to tamper with it.
Here's a report on

Ottawa's creaky divorce machine

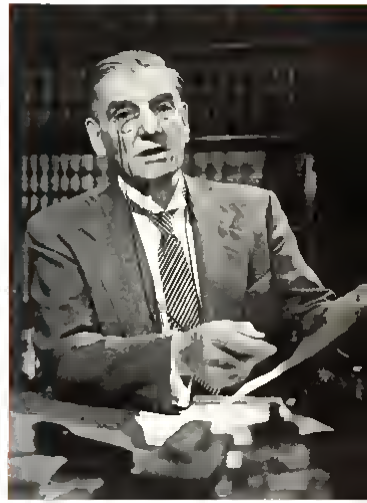
BY BLAIR FRASER

CANADA'S system of granting divorces contains a political fossil, a relic of the Middle Ages that survives nowhere else. It's almost a century since Britain abandoned a practice still followed here: dissolution of marriage by private act of parliament. By common consent it was a bad practice—costly, capricious and unjust. But for the benefit of Quebec and Newfoundland which have no divorce courts, the Parliament of Canada still grinds out some four hundred divorces a year with machinery like that Britain dismantled in 1857. Turning the crank of that machinery are the twenty men and two women who compose the Divorce Committee of the Canadian Senate.

Next winter, as for some years past, the Senate Divorce Committee will be under fire in the House of Commons as opposition MPs, mostly CCF members, try again to rid parliament of this unpalatable chore. Most acts of parliament originate in the Commons and then go to the Senate, but divorce bills go the opposite way. Evidence is heard by the Senate Divorce Committee, on the committee's recommendation the Senate then passes divorce bills and sends them to the Commons in large batches. Normally the House of Commons passes these *en bloc*, taking the Senate committee's word that the evidence justified the bills. But as a result of the recent campaigns for divorce reform, MPs lately have been taking their own look at some divorces and asking embarrassing questions. Last session they threw out five divorce bills, exactly half of all the contested cases which had got through the Senate. Some MPs threaten to block all divorces until the government promises to reform the system.

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SENATOR ARTHUR ROEBUCK
Chairman of the Senate Divorce Committee



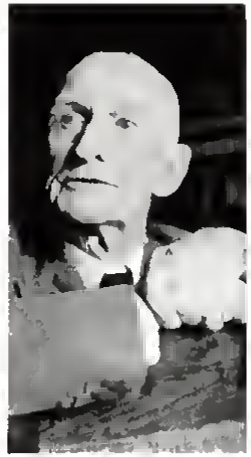
"The Senate has continued
year after year
to deal with divorce applications
as an unwelcome duty
and not as a pleasure,
and I speak for every member
of my committee
when I say that
all of us without exception
would be glad to be free
of the task."

M. J. COLDWELL
National CCF leader



"This business of dealing with divorce is a public scandal."

SEN. GEORGE H. BOSS
Lib., Alta.



"I'd like to see divorce actions transferred from parliament to the courts."

ARMAND DUMAS
MP, Lib., Que.



"Never will Quebec accept the principle of divorce."

The divorce fight crosses party lines. Nobody's happy. But where is the compromise?

MAURICE BOISVERT
MP, Lib., Que.



"Since we in Quebec are opposed to dissolution of marriage, we don't wish to take any step likely to increase divorces in our province."

SEN. MURIEL FERGUSSON
Lib., N.B.



"I believe the vows taken at the altar, when two people plight their troth for better or for worse, are only really dissoluble by the death of one or the other."

ERHART REGIER
MP, CCF, B.C.



"It cannot support these measures because I have lost all faith in the type of evidence which is being given to committees of this House or of the other place."

Reformers want Quebec and Newfoundland divorces handled not by parliament but by the Exchequer Court or some other federal tribunal. Their reasons fill hundreds of pages of Hansard but they boil down to three main charges.

1. That parliament is wasting its time passing acts for the relief of individuals. Nobody denies this, the method is tolerated only because no alternative can be agreed upon.

2. That parliamentary divorces are so costly as to be unfair to the poor. This also is undenied. In eight provinces a court divorce can be got for as little as $350. Parliamentary divorces cost $1,000 to $1,500 even for people who live near Ottawa. Newfoundlanders have the added expense of bringing their witnesses all the way to Parliament Hill, and even on tourist flights the return fare from St. John's to Ottawa is $183.95.

3. That the Senate Divorce Committee on which both the Senate and the House rely to investigate each case is incompetent and its findings unreliable. This is the charge that sets the fur flying in parliament.

Senators rarely die of overwork, but by Senate standards the divorce committee is a model of industry. Last session it sat fifty-two days on four hundred and fourteen petitions, hearing at least two witnesses apiece in uncontested cases and many more in the seventeen which were opposed. Its members are impressively qualified: eight are lawyers who might well have been made judges instead of senators. All resent being booed rather than thanked for doing a hard unwelcome task.

Yet for all its effort the committee provides ammunition year after year for the Commons campaign against the divorce system. Sometimes by its own fault, sometimes by circumstance, it is made to appear gullible or stony-hearted or both.

Last session two frequent witnesses before the committee were a pair of private detectives who were sentenced less than a year ago to fifteen months in jail for trying to fabricate evidence for a court of justice. They set a trap for a husband whose wife wanted a divorce. They rented a hotel room, hired a woman to occupy it, had her telephone the husband to say she was a friend of his sister and wouldn't he drop over for a drink. The husband, a wary character, telephoned his sister in Montreal and confirmed his suspicion that she had no such friend. He took the police with him to the rendezvous and the private detectives were caught in their own snare. They were later acquitted on appeal on the technical ground that the Senate committee for which the evidence was fabricated is not a court of justice. But the appeal court judge who freed them called their conduct "contemptible."

In three of the ten contested cases passed by the Senate and sent on to the House last session these discredited characters were important witnesses for the petitioner. The Commons passed one of these bills after a rigorous re-hearing, having satisfied itself on other evidence that the petitioner deserved his divorce. The two others failed to pass. No voice was raised in any party to challenge the CCF contention that two men found guilty of such an offence had forfeited all claim to credibility, and that their testimony was worthless.

Liberal MPs might be quicker to defend the judgment of their brethren in the upper house but for one divorce bill which passed the Senate though not the Commons about eighteen months ago. It was widely publicized at the time in various publications, including this one. Briefly the circumstances were these:

A rich Montrealer wanted a divorce which would relieve him of the forty dollar weekly allowance he was paying by order of a Quebec court to his estranged wife. Twice he hired detective agencies to get evidence against her; both failed. Then he hired two men whom he met, he said, when one came in to sell him insurance. For one thousand dollars plus expenses they soon produced a marvelously detailed account of what they claimed was the wife's adultery, and a man willing to swear he had committed it with her. The correspondent turned out to be the roommate of one of the "detectives," but he denied under oath that he'd got any money for testifying.

The wife, a polio victim who still walks with a limp, said she had indeed accepted the man's invitation to drive her home. He had then attempted to rape her; she said, meanwhile toothing his horn to summon the two detectives to witness the deed. She had a doctor to testify that on the date in question he had treated her for bruises, scratches and shock. However, the Senate committee rejected the wife's evidence and believed the detectives.' It recommended the divorce which was thereupon passed by the Senate and sent to the Commons with a batch of others.

There it was challenged by Erhart *Continued on page 61*

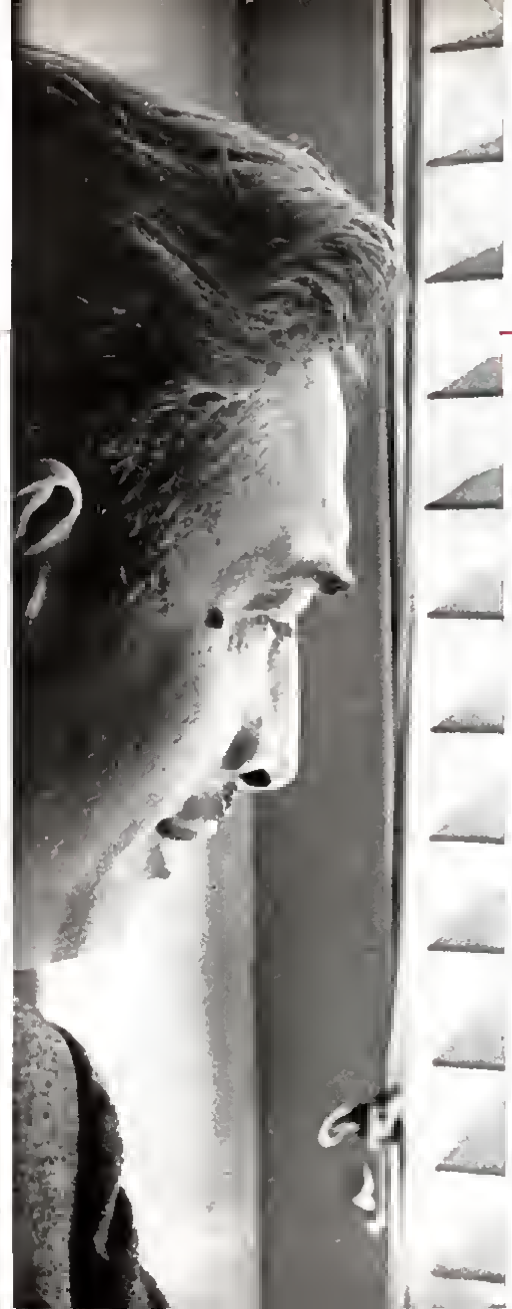


PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

The man who married his typewriter

ONE OF THE MOST VERSATILE AND widely recognized writers Canada has produced. Montreal's Lionel Shapiro took up the craft on second thought. He graduated with honors from McGill in 1929 intent on becoming a psychologist. A summer job as a sports writer on the Montreal Gazette changed his mind. In the twenty-six years since, Shapiro has been a drama critic a Broadway columnist, a White House correspondent, a war correspondent a foreign correspondent; he's written a successful stage play which was produced by the Old Vic in Bristol, five television plays produced in New York and London, a batch of short stories, song lyrics, movie scripts and four books three of them novels with a total circulation of more than two million copies.

The Sixth of June, his latest novel, is a Book-of-the-Month selection and has been sold to Hollywood for a sum in six figures. Its reception by the critics, while mixed in part, has been heavily favorable. Not since Hemingway's A Farewell To Arms has there been a war love story as good," declared the Baltimore Sun. "This might well become a minor classic of our times." The Chicago Tribune observed. It has style; pace story and glamour . . . Inevitably it will invite comparison with the novels of John P. Marquand and it carries off the comparison with élan." "It is magnificent journalism-in-depth," said the stately New York Times. Even Boston was enthusiastic, remarked the Christian Science Monitor. "Mr. Shapiro's report on England at war must be rated as superb."

Today Shapiro lives a commuter's life. His home is in Montreal; he works in New York, spends some time in Hollywood and each year tours Europe. At forty-six he's still a bachelor. "I can't stand noise," he explains.

LIONEL SHAPIRO became a best-selling author by refusing to accept the smothering home-grown legend that Canadian writers must potter in the grass roots and leave the world — and success — to others. How long, he asks, must we sacrifice our creative talents to

the myth that's muffling Canada's voice

ON THE ground that nobody knows me as intimately as I do, a scarcely debatable premise, I venture the opinion that only a virulent snobbishness has saved me from the fate that overtakes a preponderant majority of Canadian born-and-bred novelists. Not social snobbishness. How could I be guilty of that, with ancestors who fled over the face of the earth until they found what they were looking for in Canada?) I am snobbish in a very special, un-Canadian way.

A long time ago I decided that a writer born, bred and educated in Canada is not necessarily less skilful less perceptive or less readable than a writer born in the United States, Britain, France, India or China. I decided that a Canadian has not only an equal chance but also an equal right to jump out into the world forum and make a reputation and a livelihood as a writer.

This required a simply terrible snobbishness on my part. More than snobbishness. Pure gall. For although Canadian bankers, soldiers, doctors actors, engineers and explorers could be, and are, acknowledged world leaders in their fields, I was brought up to believe a Canadian has no writing tradition to build upon; that he is a mouse in the world of creative writing: not only a mouse but a mouse in diapers: that there is no distinctive Canadian literature in the English language that someday somehow a great Canadian novel will be written and this will be the signal for Canadian literature to begin its growth. Until then, the legend went, the lad born in Niagara Falls, N.Y., has a chance of becoming a Hemingway but the lad born in Niagara Falls, Ont., had better walk in the dark of the moon until a Canadian Shakespeare materializes and hastens the dawn.

Thanks to my miserable snobbishness, I ignored these fables, foibles and unreasoning fears. I elbowed them out of the way. And to my astonishment, it has worked.

Since 1947 I have written three novels. They have been published (and translated where applicable) in Canada, United States, Britain, France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Mexico and the Argentine. The total circulation of these books in all editions is as yet incomplete but it certainly runs well in excess of two million copies. All five television plays I have written have been produced by NBC in New York and two of them by BBC in London. The one stage play I attempted was produced by the Old Vic Company in Bristol and was received with profound respect and even enthusiasm by critics from such newspapers as the Manchester Guardian and the august Times of London. The latest novel, The Sixth of June, recently published as a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, was bought by Twentieth Century Fox and is being translated for world-wide distribution.

The purpose of this listing is not to recount a success story: it is, rather, to sketch the outlines of a tragedy in the development of Canadian creative writing and to trace a formula of native Canadian provincialism which has deterred and deflected Canadians in all creative fields from the free pursuit of their ambitions. The best examples come to my mind in the field of writing. Having traveled extensively most of my adult life, my acquaintance with Canadian writers is much restricted; yet I can name a dozen Canadians who can outwrite me left right and centre, whose intelligence is broader and deeper and quicker who would be coddled and acclaimed in any other country of the world, and who have gained scant recognition, no popularity and piddling circulation in Canada or, for that matter, anywhere else. They are people who have been discouraged by the legends and the foibles and by the very formidable road blocks erected by Canadians themselves against the free passage and development of Canadian artistic creation.

If this article which is bitter in the writing and probably in the reading encourages one or two Canadians to ignore the local handicaps, it will have been handsomely worth while. A Canadian literary tradition must necessarily be born inside Canada, but I venture to predict it will become a tradition in the outside world first and belatedly in Canada.

The handicaps that beset a Canadian intent on a writing career are formidable. They embrace both shadow and substance, and the shadow is probably a more powerful deterrent than the substance.

Prof. F. M. Salter of the University of Alberta, speaking last May in Toronto to the Humanities Association of Canada, deplored Canadian literature as "academic and rootless." He went on to urge all interested in literature to dig out the traditions of folk poetry and folklore "on which any healthy literature must depend." He said, The best in the arts springs direct from the people. If we are ever to create a distinctive Canadian literature we must anchor ourselves to the Canadian way of life."

At the risk of being unfair to Salter (the above is merely an excerpt from a newspaper report of his speech), I must confess that his thesis infuriates me, if only because this is a prime example of the psychological handicap writers of my generation have been weaned on. Well-meaning sincere people like Salter *Continued on page 43*





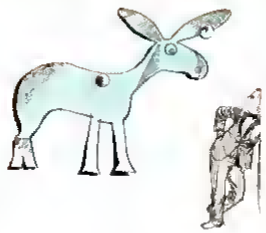
Illustrated By
Duncan Macpherson





FOR YEARS
grimly energetic hostesses
have been hustling Bob
into games he doesn't understand,
browbeating him into wearing
ridiculous costumes
and pushing him into corners
with tongue-tied strangers.
He's had enough.
Now he's going to be a poor sport
and start enjoying himself

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS I don't WANt to play



IT SEEMS to me that it's time textbooks on entertaining, etiquette and social activity in general started dealing with something that's just as vital as knowing how to seat people address them, serve them, group them and talk to them. That's knowing how to leave them alone.

Too many people operate on the theory that if guests, friends, members and congregations are to have a good time, somebody has to make a strenuous effort to arrange it. This isn't a criticism of believers in organized fun, good-fellowship and enjoyment. I think they're generally better social human beings than I am. What I'm criticizing is the belief itself, a naive and mistaken conviction that all kinds of people, including me, can be rescued from dullness and made temporarily happy by careful programming.

I keep running into this sort of thing at picnics, dinners, evenings out, summer resorts, banquets and a lot of other places where people are not allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way and with whom they choose. Somebody is always stiffening programs with three-legged races, sing-songs and middle-aged men's ball games; rousing people from deck chairs to go on bird-watching expeditions or trail rides; getting guests on their feet at banquets and making them march around the table, and sit down beside some stranger labeled "Hello" hanging variety into their friends' lives by getting them all playing some game they don't understand, and sitting back beaming at the sight of everyone having such a good time.

A few nights ago at a party I was having a wonderful conversation in a corner with a little rumpled mathematics teacher who claimed that children shouldn't be made to go to school, that mankind had no real existence, and that getting drunk was not an acquired habit, but a basic instinct like love. Just as I was warming up with some ideas of my own, the hostess's latest boisterous woman walked up to me, said, "Here!" stuck an orange under my chin and burst out laughing.

"You'll find out what it's for," she shrieked, tapping me playfully on the head with a score card. "It's an icebreaker."

She yanked me to a line of guests in another room and stood me in front of a thin embarrassed-looking girl about a foot taller than I am. The hostess explained to her that she had to get the orange out from under my chin with her chin and stick it under somebody else's chin without using her hands.

I stood there holding the orange against my chest, smiling up at the girl encouragingly, like someone being cheerful about a broken neck. She looked at me as if she wished that instead of being such a good sport I would just go home. It didn't help when, after a horrible tussle for the orange, she got my glasses caught in her hair and walked off with them dangling down her back like a broken brooch. Everybody laughed hysterically.

In other words this woman broke up a good conversation and very nearly smashed my glasses just seeing that everybody had a good time. And she wasn't through yet. She was already handing out stubs of pencils and pieces of colored paper for the next game.

"I'll tell you what to do with them in a minute," she told me. She glanced into my face, looking pleased and said, "I like to get people out of the corner and make them forget themselves."

This is a principle behind a lot of organized good-fellowship and it's about as scientific as some of the early cures for warts. Organized fun doesn't always help people forget themselves. It often does just the opposite. Party games, for instance, sometimes get people's minds on themselves so that they can't think of anything else for days. Any time I sit up in bed in the middle of the night thinking of myself and something I said or did at a party, it wasn't something I said while sitting in a corner; it was something I said in a game, standing in the middle of the room and coming apart with nerves. Like the time I got into a game of charades and had to do a book title called The Web of Passion. There are still people on my street who were at that party who just barely speak to me to this day.

And I'm not the only one. I have a neighbor, a military old gentleman as erect as a polo mallet, with such a distinguished appearance that people always take him for something like a retired university president or a nuclear physicist. Actually, he sells shirts and anything deeper than The Return of Lassie gives him a headache, but he enjoys a certain prestige because he seldom talks and it does nobody any harm. But his reputation was almost ruined when a big, tightly girdled woman with frizzy yellow hair held a party for a few of the neighbors, included him among the guests, and decided early in the party to make everyone just forget themselves with a few brisk games.

In point of fact, this man could forget himself for longer periods than anyone I've ever known. He had a way of standing for hours, eyes narrowed, hands clamped behind his back, staring at a tree or a rock formation. Anyone who didn't know him would think he was going back millions of years and piecing together the earth's origin. Then he'd take his bulldog pipe out of his mouth and say something like, "Found a perfectly good deck chair this morning. Not a thing wrong with it. Somebody just chucked it out with the garbage."

That evening, sitting out on his lawn watching the sunset, the evening breeze ruffling his thinning hair, he'd take his pipe out of his mouth, look at you sharply and say, "Little hole in the seat the size of my finger." He'd hold up his finger. "Nothing else wrong with it." It would be a moment before you'd realize that he'd been thinking about the deck chair ever since you saw him in the morning.

He was a happy outgoing personality if I ever saw one, until he went to this party where the hostess made everyone take off their shoes and pile them in a corner, then pushed all her guests into two lines and explained a game called Junior High. It consisted of running for a table and picking out a slip of paper bearing a number and the name of the capital of a country, multiplying the number by another number which was pinned to the lapel of the person behind you, running for another table and packing up a piece of celery in your teeth, dipping it in some kind of juice, whipping around and writing the product of the two numbers on a big sheet of cardboard, then running to a corner of the room and putting on your shoes and going to the end of your line.

In about twenty seconds my neighbor had caused a traffic jam that backed right out onto the veranda. The game had pretty well

Continued on page 40

How Joe Hirshhorn Hit the Uranium Jackpot

Even when geologists said there couldn't be uranium at Blind River this brash and bouncy little financial wizard tossed in $30,000 and struck a spectacular bonanza. He wasn't surprised. "Making money comes easy to me," he says, "—like breathing"

BY DAVID MacDONALD



In his Toronto office Hirshhorn works ten frenzied hours a day, maps deals by the ironing fire he talks with statistician W. P. Sacad and secretary Lena Gottwald

ALONG Toronto's Bay Street, the frenetic mining capital of North America, veteran prospector and mine-maker Gilbert A. LaBine had long been acknowledged—until recently—as the uranium king of Canada. The reason was obvious. It was LaBine who had found the continent's first pitchblende: at Great Bear Lake in 1930; LaBine whose Eldorado mine helped usher in the atomic age over Hiroshima, and LaBine who, in the northern wilds of Saskatchewan, came up with Gunnar, Canada's first truly big uranium strike.

Today—for reasons equally obvious—the top men in uranium is no longer LaBine, a conservative grey-haired elder of the industry, but Joseph H. Hirshhorn, a flashy fast-talking little mining promoter from the borough of Brooklyn, N.Y., whose exploits on Bay and Wall Streets have won him millions of dollars and a gambler's reputation for playing long shots.

As a promotor, Joe Hirshhorn's forte is finding money—usually someone else's—to turn rare rock into more money for all concerned. Having resigned from P.S. 147 in the ninth grade, he holds no B.Sc. An employee of his who does says: "Joe can't tell coal from compost." Hence, when a geologist named Franc Joubin told him in 1953 that there was uranium beneath the jackpine bush of northern Ontario's Algoma district, Hirshhorn could not argue, as many experts had, that Algoma was geologically all wrong for it. The very idea intrigued him. "Uranium!" he cried. "It's got sex appeal!" On this unique assay, plus the greater knowledge that Joubin was a keen prospector, Hirshhorn wagered thirty thousand dollars—much of it his own—that he was right.

He was already a very wealthy man, and the gamble made him much wealthier. The pay off Joubin came back with was the richest uranium field on earth—a three-billion dollar bonanza that may prove still bigger when the Geiger counters stop chattering over it.

The Blind River discovery, so called for a nearby lumbering town, promises by 1957 to put Canada ahead of the Belgian Congo as the world's chief producer of uranium.



Hirshhorn met his second wife, Lily, when buying her paintings. He has a large, costly art collection.

More important, the West is now assured a supply of the magical mineral for as far ahead as men can see.

All this is most gratifying to promoter Hirshhorn as are the facts that roughly two-thirds of the Algoma Basin's known ore reserves belongs to companies he controls and that, thus far, he is personally ahead some thirty million dollars on the gamble. "Making money comes easy to me," he says with candor, "—like breathing."

The owner of this happy faculty is possibly the last person Hollywood would cast in the role of J. Pierpont Morgan. Joseph Herman Hirshhorn stands three inches over five feet and has a slight paunch. At fifty-six his black hair is slightly silvered, his eyes are dark and piercing and his face is dominated by a large nose and generally an unlit cigar. When he moves, which is almost constantly, he hustles about with short, jerky steps. A gay extrovert, he is given to interrupting serious business discussions by breaking into song and/or dance, or by shouting: "I feel felonious!" When he speaks—"What's dat orl well worth?"—it is the voice of Flatbush Avenue.

If Hirshhorn does not look nor always act the part of a financial giant, he assuredly is one. After forty-two years of scrambling in what he calls "the jungle," he has built up an empire of interests that touches four continents. His wealth has been reckoned as high as a hundred million dollars.

Hirshhorn's training in finance dates back fifty years to his second day in America—he was born in Latvia—when, in the basement of his new Brooklyn tenement home, at the age of six, he shot his first game of craps. He won thirty cents, whereupon the other players, boys of a more advanced age, smacked him down and took away his money. Hirshhorn has never forgotten this. "The game," he says today, "was new to me."

That he has since learned money games well was strikingly demonstrated when Joubin came through with Blind River. With the geologist Hirshhorn pulled off one of the most sensational coups in Canadian mining history, a secret six-week staking bee that wrapped up most of the best ore bodies in the Algoma Basin before Bay Street heard a word of it.

Then, while astounded rivals were rushing in to grab what was left, he quickly organized more than a dozen companies to exploit his claims. Shares in one, Peach Uranium, shot from a dollar to thirty-eight dollars within a matter of weeks, were split five-for-one and soared again to twenty-eight dollars—a total jump of fourteen thousand percent.

Before a pound of ore was taken from the ground, Hirshhorn sold the first five years' output of uranium oxides from his two largest mines, Algom and Pronto, to the nation's only uranium buyer, the federal government, for $282 million. At a learned guess, the profit from the two will be more than a hundred million.

This spring, as a fillip to his Blind River find, Hirshhorn made the deal of his life. *Continued on page 52*



In a board room packed with modern art, Hirshhorn chats with top aides. Franc Joubin (centre) found Blind River. J. A. Vickers is planning a model town there.



She was a good, dull woman,

simple as bread and butter . . . and

The only woman who ever puzzled me

Her name was Eressa Duncan, wife of Brad Duncan, Halcyon Cove, N.S. Her back was toward us when we entered the kitchen that muddy—polite pretence that she hadn't seen her husband approaching with a stranger—though one could see the length and breadth of The Cove from their kitchen window.

Set another place, Bessie—we've got company!" My new friend nudged me into the room as he spoke and she turned to meet the unexpected guest. I saw a dumpy, middle-aged woman with a sallow, pear-shaped face and mild blue eyes. Her hair, red once, was now the neutral shade of faded brick. Why do redheads never achieve pure white or grey? Over her house dress an apron crackled with starch, a dead giveaway had I known it—for visitors always merited a clean apron.

"This here's Alistair Gregg. Bessie, from Toronto. He wants a place to board for a couple o' weeks."

"Kindly welcome, I'm sure." She offered me a pudgy veined hand.

"He's a painter," Brad went on. "Not houses or barns—a picture painter. He's going to paint the Cove."

His tone implied no respect for my aim so I hastened to explain that I was only a holiday artist, painting on my vacations from the office. A friend, I said, Harry Munroe, who had spent boyhood summers here, recommended the Cove when he learned I was coming to Nova Scotia. They remembered Harry. He'd been kin to a former pastor.

"And he sent you to us," marvelled Mrs. Duncan. "Imagine! After all these years."

"Well, sort of," I hedged. "Harry had named no one in particular at Halcyon Cove. 'Knock on any door,' he advised. 'They'll take you in or they've sadly changed. Most hospitable people in the world, believe me.'"

I hadn't knocked on any doors. I had spoken to the first man I met: Brad Duncan, and here I was with a dinner invitation.

Get busy, Bessie," and gab after," her husband told her impatiently. "I'm hungry enough to eat raw squid."

Brad was tall, spare, grizzled, with craggy features and sharp brown eyes. Past sixty, he'd been at sea for forty-odd years, he'd told me. "Now him and a young fellow fished offshore. Weren't much in it nowadays, not with them trawlers scrapin' up everything that had fins or scales, dang blast 'em!"

Mrs. Duncan threw me a rueful smile. "Dinner's all ready to dish up, but it's only potluck. I'm afraid I wasn't looking for company."

Continued on page 28

BY BARBARA GRANTMYRE

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

"Alistair," she said, "I'd like you to leave. Us being here alone . . . Folks'd talk. A widow has to be careful."



Rev Egerton Ryerson (1803-1882)

THE Gloomy Renegade WHO Shaped Our Schools

As a Methodist circuit rider Egerton Ryerson preached goodwill while fighting the Family Compact and the Anglican Church. He became head man of Ontario's schools by being a smart politician. Then he scuttled the whole education system and gave us the one we still use in most of Canada

BY JAMES BANNERMAN

IF SOME military-minded historian could order the makers of Canada out of their graves and fall them in on a parade ground the men he'd pick for the front rank would undoubtedly be towering figures like Champlain. In the second rank would be slightly less towering figures like Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Behind these famous and colorful giants would come the lesser makers, whose work was useful but unspectacular. This is the story of one such rear ranker — an industrious, obstinate confusingly contradictory Methodist minister named Egerton Ryerson.

Ryerson influenced the course of Canadian history in several different and notable ways. He struck a valiant blow for religious freedom by defeating almost singlehanded a powerful gang of Anglican arch-Tories who wanted the Anglican faith established as the state religion of Canada. Yet he'd been brought up to be an Anglican and an arch-Tory himself. As the outstanding leader of Methodism he did a great deal to marshal the forces that eventually made Sunday in Toronto a day world-renowned for gloom, and gave us our present-day restrictive liquor laws. Yet he thoroughly enjoyed wine and beer, and habitually broke the pledge of total abstinence he signed for the sake of appearances.

He was the founder of a religious weekly, which he edited with such liveliness it soon had the biggest circulation of any Canadian paper of any kind. Yet his own writing was so far from lively that the historian Bourinot called his Loyalists of America, in two thick volumes, "probably the dullest book ever compiled by a Canadian." He was also the founder of what is now the Ryerson Press, still flourishing after a hundred and twenty-six years as the oldest and largest all Canadian publishing house. Most boys of sixteen nowadays have more formal education than he ever had in his life. Yet he was the first principal of Victoria College, now a part of the University of Toronto. The biggest technical institute in Canada is named for him. And his main achievement was to organize the school system of Ontario, more than a century ago, but on lines which even today would be considered progressive.

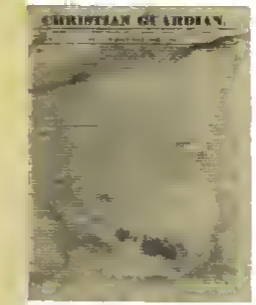


His second wife was his brother's idea.

The importance of this was not merely provincial since the Ontario system served as a pattern for the school systems of most of the rest of English-speaking Canada. Its founding is commemorated by a nine-foot bronze statue of Ryerson in the grounds of Toronto's Ryerson Institute: the left hand holding a book, the right apparently throwing breadcrumbs to the pigeons. The face has a look of uncompromising straightforwardness and would be stern if it weren't for a touch of gentle humor that suggests he was always ready to smile at his own shortcomings. The admirers who subscribed for the statue paid seven thousand dollars to get a bronze Ryerson strikingly different from the flesh-and-blood one.

He not only couldn't smile at his own shortcomings, but was quite incapable of smiling at himself for any reason at all. In the winter of 1850, for example, he was in Rome on what he called an educational tour, and spent a lot of time looking at paintings and sculpture in the Vatican. One afternoon as he bent over to study a picture he was seized with lumbago and couldn't straighten up. Going down on all fours and uttering sharp yelps of pain, he made for the nearest attendant. The attendant thought he was trying to imitate a dog and ordered him to stop. When Ryerson managed to explain what was wrong, the man called three other attendants. Between them they turned Ryerson upside down, grabbed him by the wrists and ankles, carried him out and loaded him into a cab to be taken to his hotel—lying flat on his back on the floor with his arms and legs in the air. He was naturally not amused at the time, but never to the end of his days could he understand why the people who saw him had laughed.

Even in an age when most respectable men wore black frock coats and stovepipe hats and tended to behave as though they'd just been at a funeral Ryerson was outstandingly solemn. Although he seldom allowed himself to unbend, he could exert the lot: pink charm of a fatherly confidence man when it seemed indicated. Once on a trip to England he had dinner with Lord Grey, the colonial secretary, *Continued on page 46*



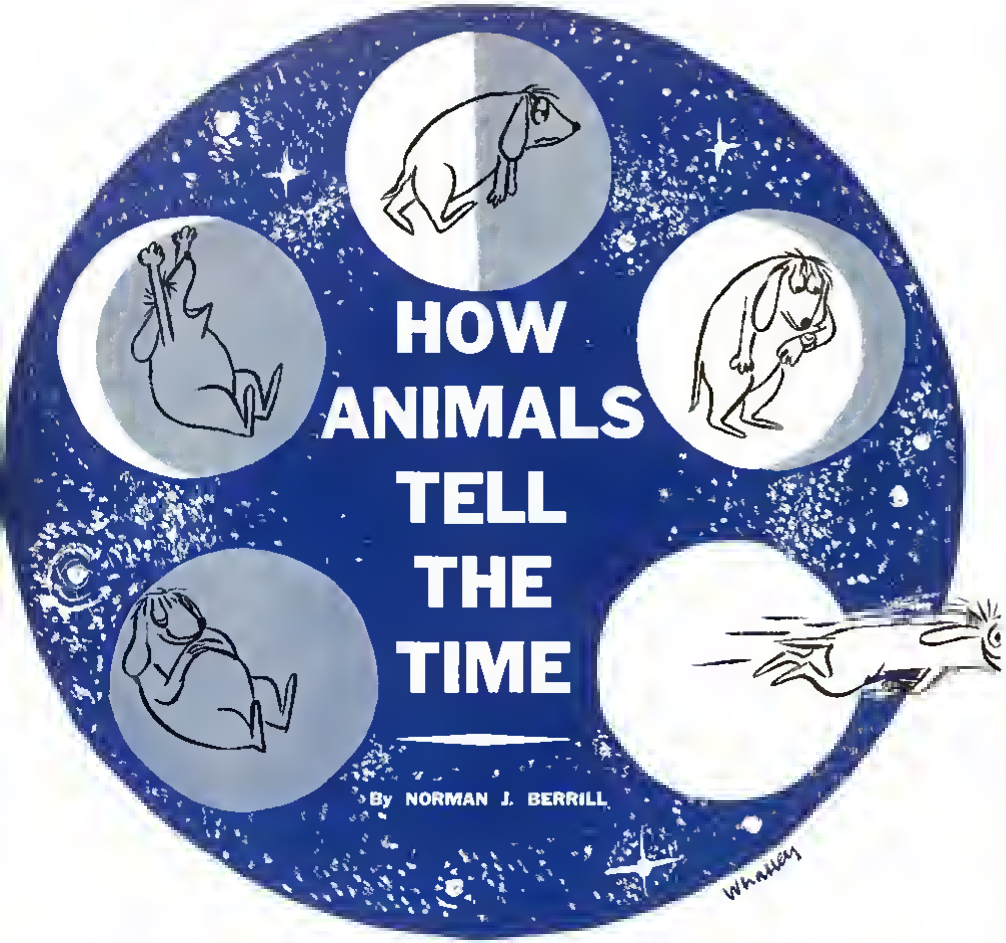
As editor of this Methodist weekly he printed sermons and recipes for beer.



For years he fought the great political power of Anglican Bishop John Strachan.



At Toronto's Ryerson Institute of Technology this kindly looking statue marks his name.



HOW ANIMALS TELL THE TIME

By NORMAN J. BERRILL

How do deer know exactly when to fall in love? What tells the palolo worm the hour has come for his annual festival? Do fish bite according to their own private clocks? Here's what we know about one of nature's greatest mysteries

CAN ANIMALS tell the time and if so what clocks do they use? For instance, do fish bite when they feel the pangs of hunger, or are they opportunists who eat when they can or do they bite according to hours set by the sun and the moon? Fishermen, millions of them, follow the so called solunar tables of John Alden Knight. The tables are based on the theory that freshwater fish have two major feeding periods per day and one or two lesser ones, all of which come later daily by about fifty minutes and are therefore in step with the daily progress of the moon around the planet. Other things being equal, fish are supposed to feed mainly at times set by cosmic forces rather than by more down-to-earth requirements. Millions of other fishermen are scornful of such theories.

Only fishermen themselves, however, by opinions based on accurate observations, can decide whether this is a true fact or not. But stranger things are happening all the time as the result of moonrise and sunset and other attributes of our satellite and sun. Each of them keeps time, in its own way. In combination they make a calendar that serves mankind and the rest of the animal kingdom alike.

In the sea, according to the leading frogman Jacques Cousteau, the larger fish feed voraciously for about one half hour shortly after dawn and then again before dusk, living more or less peaceably among their prey during the intervals between. It may of course be simply a matter of the sun's illuminating clock together with a full or empty stomach, the fish being hungry after a long dark night, feeding as soon as vision permits and retaining that satisfied feeling until waning light and a now-digested meal recall their appetites. Yet it is a fact that the sun clock governs sea life to a very great extent, for at dusk the myriads of minute creatures upon which small fish feed move toward the surface as the light fades and are most abundant there during the dark hours around midnight. At dawn they sink into deeper water, compelled by the rapidly increasing intensity of light, and with them (and to go the smaller fish that feed upon them), and so on up the scale, the whole being a sort of chain reaction triggered by the rising and setting of the sun.

Whether the fish in our rivers and lakes are influenced by the moon in addition to daylight and darkness and the rapidity with which they digest their meals, is another question. All we can say for certain is that the moon's influence reaches us and all living things in ways more subtle than moonlight itself, or through the oceanic tides produced by the moon's pull of gravity. Whether or not the moon as well as the sun governs the feeding habits of animals as a whole there is no doubt at all that both of the celestial bodies are concerned with mating cycles on land and in the sea. And the precise control of mating habits is even more vital to the perpetuation of life than precise control of eating habits.

Animals like human beings must be born in suitable circumstances to reproduce and grow, and must find a mate if they are to leave progeny behind them to propagate their kind. In all of this timing is of the utmost importance, for to be or not to be in the right place at the right time, and bodily prepared for whatever contingency may be, makes all the difference between success and failure. A sense of time such as we ourselves possess is probably unique, but most creatures live according to calendar and clock even though they cannot be aware of the fact. Their lives are governed by the sun and the moon as definitely as yours and mine, for there is little else with which to measure passing time or to make a trysting date.

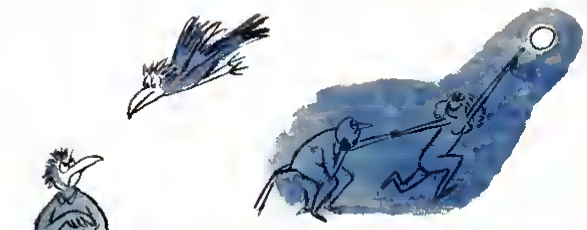
The Australian mutton-bird, one of the shearwaters, spends most of the year spread out over the vastness of the north Pacific from the equator to Bering Strait, but in November of each year they arrive at certain small islands off the Australian coast virtually by the million, all more or less ready to breed. Leaving aside the question of navigation, there is the uncanny fact that they arrive almost all at once, starting from places thousands of miles apart. Some sort of environmental clock must set them going, though at different times according to the distance they have to travel. This is an extreme case, to be sure, but most birds show something of the sort: a restless urge to shift location as the breeding season approaches.

The time for hatching eggs or bearing young is the crucial one in the lives of birds and mammals for there must be food enough and warmth enough if the young are to survive. Everything else is therefore timed accordingly so that new life arrives in spring time. No matter how long a mammal carries its young within the womb, spring is usually the time to bear it. So the horse with its year-long pregnancy, mates in spring so that its young shall be born in spring. Goats mate in the fall and the young are born in spring. Fallow deer mate in early winter and the young are born in the spring. The system is simple: you work backward from the arrival date of the young.

The timing seems to be an inborn cycle and yet something in the environment will overpower it if need arises, as that the clock in a manner of speaking becomes reset. The spring breeding English song birds of the northern hemisphere, which have been taken to New Zealand and Australia, all breed now in the southern spring, which is a very different part of the calendar year. Spotted deer introduced from India into Europe continued to produce their offspring in midwinter which was fatal, but after a while adjusted to the proper season. We get the impression of internal rhythms like the mechanism of a clock, but the clock is generally one that can be set by external forces or circumstances. The rhythms within and the rhythms without must be brought into harmony for successful living.

It is not so long since human beings learned to tell time in a conscious way. Primitive savages insofar as there are any left cannot tell months upon their fingertips or in some such manner. Early man as a whole had greater difficulty working out the seasons, the turning of the year and mid-summer's day and the equinox of spring and fall. For there has always been a time for sowing and planting and a time for reaping and a time for mating which is better than another. In the pagan world the time of the spring planting of mid-summer's eve and of Halloween have been times for ceremonial mating for thousands of years. Birds and mammals however, manage their affairs without such benefit of counting and measuring or watching for the sun to rise in a certain place as we did in olden days. The

Continued on next page



Hmmm as have learned to think for themselves without any help from the sun, but they still get moonstruck

Muttonbirds from all over the Pacific arrive all at once for their annual tryst on islands near Australia

The moon and sun call the tune to which we all dance our lives

Do fish eat when they're hungry? Or do cosmic toys remind them when it's time to hunt for dinner?





Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



TV s Dolores Gray shows there s more than one way to sell a song

BEST BET IT S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER The lithe and gifted people who made On the Town (1949) have come up with another big-league Hollywood musical the year s best thus far in that crowded department Television s advertising hucksters are given a dandy rubbing — vocabulary wise philosophy wise and otherwise — in the story about three ex GIs (Gene Kelly Dan Dailey Michael Kidd) who meet ten years after the war and weakly try to revive their dying friendship Cyd Charisse and Dolores Gray are delectably on hand

I AM A CAMERA Julie Harris in her own stagey way gives a sparkling performance as an unconventional English playgirl thumbing her nose at the mad rode in early Hitler Berlin Very funny in spots but often too frenzied and contrived

THE KENTUCKIAN Evidently intended as a splendid and full flavored piece of Americana this one has emerged instead as a large slow oriental yarn starring Burt Lancaster (who also directed it) as a Texas bound Southerner in 1820

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING A thoughtful love story about a Eurasian woman doctor (Jennifer Jones) and an American newsman (William Holden) in Hong Kong But it becomes repetitive and draggy before the finish

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER Charles Laughton s directional debut has some impressive moments but is weakened by an overdose of brooding camera symbolism Its about a backwoods evangelist (Robert Mitchum) and his deadly pursuit of two small children

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY Alfred Hitchcock s latest is a wacky ruthless farce with some highly removed scenes Squeamish customers should approach with caution the basic gag in the story is a corpse

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aunt Clara British comedy Fair
Cattle Queen of Montana Western Fair
Chicago Syndicate Crime Fair
The Colorado Hospital drama Fair
The Caldron Story Prison camp drama Good
Court Martial Drama Excellent
The Gem Busters Air war Excellent
Female on the Beach Drama Fair
Footsteps in the Fog Drama Fair
The Girl Rush Comic musical Good
House of Bamboo Suspense Good
How to Be Very Very Popular Campus comedy Good
The King's Thief Sword opera Fair
Lady and the Tramp Cartoon Good
Men From Laramie Western Good
Marty Comedy drama Excellent
Mister Roberts Comedy Excellent
The Night Holds Terror Crime Good
The Night My Number Came Up British suspense drama Good
Not as a Stranger Drama Fair
Out of the Clouds Drama Fair
Pete Kelly's Blues Jazz drama Good
The Phenix City Story Crime Good
The Private War of Major Benson Comedy Fair
Rage of Paris Western Fair
Reform School Girl Drama Fair
Rebel Without a Cause Drama Good
The Revolt of Mamie Stover Drama Fair
The Scarlet Coat 1780 drama Good
The Seven-Year Itch Comedy Good
The Ship That Died of Shame Seafaring adventure Fair
The Shrike Psychiatric drama Fair
Svengali Melodrama Fair
Tennessee's Partner Hidden jewels Apaches comedy drama Fair
Tight Spot Suspense Good
To Catch a Thief Crook comedy drama Good
To Hell and Back War Good
Trial Drama Excellent
Ulysses Adventure drama Fair
Unchained Drama Excellent
We're No Angels Comedy Fair
Wichita Western Good

sun serves as a calendar whether you knew it or not.

All of the light that enters the eye and stimulates the optic nerve of bird and beast and man is not expended entirely as sensation. Some of the stimulated nerve fibres bypass the brain proper and reach the pituitary gland that small master gland of the body that lies just beneath the brain. Among other qualities, the gland liberates hormones which circulate in the blood and cause the reproductive glands to grow. This is a seasonal matter for most of the animal kingdom. Their owner has the urge to mate and also as a rule to expend energy in other ways such as singing, fighting or traveling.

As the hours of daylight lengthen or shorten as the seasons change, the internal machinery of the body is kept in tune with the march of external affairs by the light of the sun as it reaches through the eyes to the governing gland. The growth and maturity of the reproductive glands and all the chain of events relating to them are kept in steady adjustment by the solar calendar itself. Such are the chemical sparkles of birdkind creatures as a whole. Only the human species has broken away to a great extent and substituted the quality of the mind for quantities of the blood.

If the sun keeps seasonal time for annual breeders, the moon serves for more precise timing within the proper season. The European nightjar, a bird that flies and feeds only at night, lays a pair of eggs during the last quarter of the moon. They hatch the following month when the moon is full and when the parent birds can hunt all night for food for the hungry chicks. During daytime the nightjar lies hidden with eyes closed tight. At nighttime only, when it is active, is it apparently susceptible to the light from the heavens.

A Worm That's Never Late

As the moon waxes and becomes full, the moonlight stimulus travels along the same internal pathway that the daylight stimulus moves in other creatures, through the eyes and the pituitary gland to the ovaries, causing the eggs to grow and be laid at a certain time in the lunar cycle. In its own way the bird or the moonstruck ape we are ourselves, although in our case it appears to be either the intangible glamour of a moonlit summer night or the hypnotic attraction of the lunar surface itself. The daily spin of the earth and its yearly journey around the sun set the basic patterns of existence but in many ways the moon plays a role out of proportion to its size. The sun, so to speak, maintains the living clock but the moon acts as the alarm.

Of all living things you would think the bark end of a worm could never tell the time. Yet the palolo worm of the Pacific Ocean, which abounds among the island reefs of Samoa in more regular than we are in fixing some of our annual festivals. Every year one week after the full moon in November, *the rear* halves of countless millions of worms bark out of their burrows and break off. They swim upward to the surface of the sea to shed eggs and sperm in clouds, while the front stumps creep grimly back into their holes in the reefs to grow new tails and to repeat the process the following year. Just before dawn on the appointed day the swarming begins and two or three hours later it is all over, although meanwhile the Samoans have gathered them in hand nets and baskets rapidly filling their canoes in anticipation of the palolo feast that follows. The timing seems almost miraculous. How is it accomplished?

In the first place there is an annual cycle that begins in the burrow immediately after the November swarming date when the front end of each worm begins to grow a new tail. Slowly throughout the following year the worms grow and become sexually mature, ripening finally as sea temperatures rise with the onset of the southern summer, the influence of the sun. Then instead of every worm performing when it is fully ripe, they wait until all are good and ready so that their spawning may be a communal success. They will act as if were set a starting line keyed to the sound of the starter's gun, only in this case the starter is the moon.

Scientists have found that the worms are kept in their burrows by any light stronger than that of the half moon. When the November moon approaches the full state, all stay quietly at home. By the time the third quarter of the moon begins a week after it is full, all the worms are ready to go. Those that were ready earlier and those that were late. And as the moonlight weakens its effect is reversed and instead of repelling the worms it attracts them and the race is on. And so year in and year out the clock keeps time.

The fireworm of the West Indies is equally fantastic for it not only breeds according to the phases of the moon but produces a greenish light of its own. In fact the flickering light Columbus saw at night and took to be the landfall of San Salvador is now thought by marine biologists to be the shimmering light produced by a swarm of fireworms at the surface of the sea. Each month for short a week starting the second night after the new or full the worms leave their protected homes on the sea floor for their monthly honeymoon. They rise and shine only when the sun has set and the moon has not yet risen for they cannot show their effin lights in competition with either of the heavenly bodies. And since the full moon always rises as the sun is setting, not until two or three nights have passed is there a period of complete darkness between the sunset and moonrise. This is the darkness the worms await to get together for the propagation of their race, and so each month throughout the year half an hour after sundown on several consecutive nights until all the eggs are shed starting on the second or third night after the moon is full the fireworms leave the island reefs to display their ethereal light at the surface of the ocean and so attract their mates. Here of course the moon and the sun together compose a calendar of light and darkness, and the worms have required the only reproductive rhythm that will work with it in close harmony.

The moon s calendar however is not exclusively a matter of light and dark, for the tides produced by the moon may be felt by sea creatures independently of the presence or absence of moonlight. The grunion, a small fish found along the California coast keeps lunar time whether the moon is out or not. The fish is a smelt about six inches long and its spawning grounds are least times for thousands of human beings. When the moon is full and high cars are parked bumper to bumper along the coastal highways for many miles, and the beaches are dotted with fires for the roasting. Once again on the second, third and fourth nights after the moon is full during spring and early summer months the fish swim up the beach with the breaking waves to the highest point they can reach. There the females dig into the sand and deposit their eggs below the surface while the males following closely behind, deposit their milt. With the next wash of the waves



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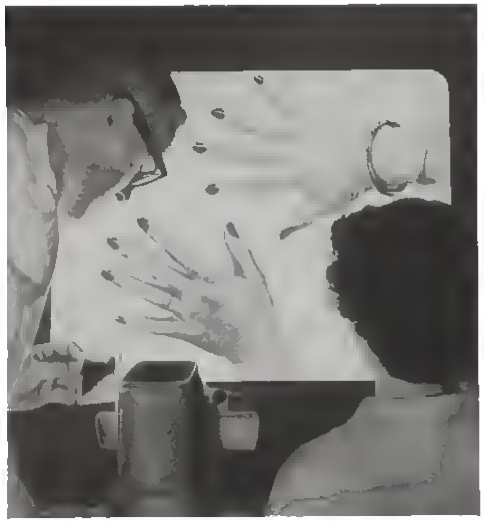
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**From the report of a leading U. S. research laboratory*

When prehumans dwelt in trees did they live by the light of the moon?

They slip back into the sea all that is, except those that have been gathered in hands or hats or nets by drooling and happy humanity.

Grunion spawning takes advantage of the high tides that come after every full moon and every new moon. Only this time the light is not responsible. The fish come ashore at any time up to midnight at high tide, even when the moon is fully risen. Moreover they repeat the performance although in lesser numbers, when the dark of the moon has just passed and the first faint sickle can be seen in the evening sky. Since the moonlight has no influence at all, it follows that the tides must be responsible, and the moon's control is indirect one. Yet how the parent fish who are indifferent to whether the moon is risen or not can tell when the fortnightly high tides are due is a mystery we have yet to solve. Human beings can watch the beach and measure the tides, but fish swimming offshore have no obvious means of knowing whether high tide will be a little higher than it was the night before. Yet not only do they arrive at the right time on the proper days, but they have to be sexually ripe and ready as well. A built-in rhythm of bodily growth must play a part, a rhythm closely tuned to the fortnightly waxing and waning of the moon.

The Tide Tells Their Time

For most animals that frequent shallow seas the tides serve as a timetable. Along the shore the ebb and flow governs all activities of the shore inhabitants, but even offshore the currents change to a marked degree when the tide turns, and fish and squid which feed or live near the sea floor adjust to the new directions. The tidal change is three for those who can sense it and the grunion seems to be one of these. The pull of gravity of both the sun and the moon produces a tidal bulging of the ocean as the earth rotates beneath them.

When the sun and moon are in line with the earth—whether or not the moon is on the near or the far side of the earth, the tidal pulse is greater than at other times. This happens every two weeks when the so-called spring tides come, when low tide is lower and high tide higher and tidal currents run faster. But as the moon gets out of line during its monthly journey around the earth the tidal pulse gets weaker and later every day. Then after a week it begins to get stronger again until the next fortnightly climax arrives. This is the calendar wherever the tide can be seen or felt, which is everywhere along the sea's edge wherever it may be. Yet corresponding rhythms may have become ingrown in living bodies which help them keep in step.

Whether monthly or fortnightly, lunar rhythms do exist and the question arises whether the monthly period of women has any lunar connection or is no more than a coincidence. Most warm blooded creatures of reasonably large size have an annual breeding season designed to produce young at the most favorable time of the year for their survival, which is spring or early summer. Everything seems to be subordinated to this requirement except in the case of human beings and those human caricatures who are generally regarded as our nearest relatives, Humans, apes and monkeys breed all the year round—bringing forth their young at any season—humans in the safety of their homes or hospitals, monkeys and apes in the safety of the treetops of tropical forests. And the females in all three groups have a monthly reproductive cycle sometimes a little more or a little less. We not only look uncomfortably alike and chatter alike but we breed alike in a peculiarly lunar way. And incidentally, though unfortunately for the others, not only humans but monkeys and apes are subject to infantile paralysis. So we make Salk vaccine only at the expense of the monkeys we are otherwise inclined to disown!

The monthly period of humans at the present time appears to be merely a monthly period and nothing more but it has only the same duration as the cycle of the moon and does not keep actual step with the lunar phases. Yet once upon a time, when all prehuman life lived among the treetops and woke to the light of the moon, the moon itself may will have set the rhythm which has stayed with us ever since. For there are forces at work whose effects we see even if we do understand their nature.

We are faced here with a mystery, and the little fiddler crabs commune along the Atlantic coast have recently brought it to our attention. Fiddler crabs undergo a regular darkening and lightening of the body according to the time of day and the time of the month. In the early evening the crab becomes pale and around daybreak it begins to grow dark again. The daytime darkening protects it from the sun and from seeking rats too. However two surprising observations have been made by Dr. Frank A. Brown and his assistants working at the famous Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole on Cape Cod. Crabs kept in a photographic dark room faithfully followed the day-night cycle for the two months that the experiment lasted without ever being exposed to light and without their biological clock losing or gaining more than a few minutes. And furthermore the clock kept accurate time whether the crab's body temperature was maintained at forty, sixty or close to ninety degrees Fahrenheit. If the clock is metabolic one which has been the popular theory so far, then it should vary with the temperature in the same way that metabolism varies, becoming slow when it is cold and fast when hot. Since it does not, the investigators wonder whether the crabs may be sensitive to some external regulating force we have not previously suspected which opens a new avenue for speculation.

The day-night rhythm of color change however is not the only one and a second cycle is superimposed on the first. The crabs darken at daybreak but they become even darker at the time of low tide and this is a time that comes about fifty minutes later every day. And once again the captive crabs living in complete darkness showed the regular daily shift corresponding to the changing times of low tide of the region from whence they came. They darkened at dawn and they darkened according to the daily change in the position of the moon and under circumstances where neither light nor tide could reach them. Can there be some kind of rhythmical physical force in the environment affecting living organisms which penetrates darkness and brick walls to produce its effect? It may be so and the moon may have a part to play for there are other tides besides those we see in the rise and fall of the ocean along the shores.

Just as the moon and the sun pull upon the earth and produce the oceanic tides with peaks at the time of the full and the new moon, so the same gravitational forces set upon both the earth's solid crust and its far more elastic atmosphere. The oceanic tides for the most part rise and fall about three or four feet except in narrowing channels or bays like the Severn Channel of western England or the Bay of Fundy, where confinement amplifies the tides to fifty feet or more and where tidal power may one day be utilized. The tides in the much more rigid crust of the earth do exist, but they are minute compared with those of the seas and are difficult to detect. They are merely imperceptible shivers passing through the land measurable only by sensitive instruments. In the atmosphere however a little pull goes a long way.

Moontides in the atmosphere have been long suspected and were first detected in 1842 from barometric mercury readings taken in the tropics. In recent years however the mountain is being read on a natural tide gauge far up in the ionosphere, to the ionosphere which is the great layer of electrically conducting particles far above the earth. By hooneing radio signals against the ionosphere we can measure its height and by this means it has been possible to follow the waves of the moontide around the earth. And in the ionosphere the rise and fall of the moontide is as much as a mile or more.

This moon produced bulging of the atmospheric envelope which like the oceanic tides and the moon itself is





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later by fifty minutes every day, is of more than passing interest. Cosmic radiation coming from interstellar space with tremendous energy smashes into the atoms of the outer atmosphere and, as modified cosmic rays penetrates to the earth's surface. These are the most powerful rays we know, much more penetrating than any produced in atomic explosions. In fact cosmic rays are known to penetrate at least a quarter of a mile of solid earth into deep mines where they have been recorded. And as the atmospheric moonlight passes over us it produces a waxing and waning of the cosmic ray showers falling upon the earth. Why it should be so is a mystery, but the fact remains and is something to think about. At least here is a force that keeps moon time and can penetrate the tissues of any living creature, no matter how well protected they may be by darkness and rocky walls. Whether we have here the actual finger-print played is not yet possible to say, but we do know that cosmic rays affect our own and all other creatures' hereditary qualities and for all we know to the contrary the monthly rhythms of both crabs and humans may be governed by them too.

What Power Has the Moon?

Mankind has become conscious of the cosmic clocks supplied by the sun and the moon, but it is a case of discovery only, not invention. The sun and the satellite have been keeping time from the beginning, keeping time because the earth turns upon its axis and journeys around the sun in an elliptical course; and because the moon itself moves around the earth each lunar month. The regular fluctuation in both solar and lunar light in the gravitational pull upon the sea and air, and the showers of cosmic rays have all had the life of the earth in their grip since time out of mind. Animals tell time virtually under compulsion. The signals exist and the living organisms respond, for otherwise they fail to live or reproduce.

We ourselves are more complex than the real, but in our own way and in our own time react to the rising moon or the afterglow of the midsummer sun in a definite and consequential manner. Priests and poets through the ages have made the moon the Goddess of Love and the power of suggestion has been added to whatever subtle influence the moon may have herself. We of this world are creatures of vision in some degree, needing light to find our food and find our mates. Sunrise and sunset, full moon and crescent, long summer and short winter days, make the tune to which we dance out our lives. Neither fish nor humans are excepted. ★



The Only Woman Who Ever Puzzled Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

I forget what the potluck was that day. I do know it was good. Everything Ressie Duncan cooked was good and my memories of the Cove are redolent with the odors of her stews, succulent meat and vegetables in an herb flecked gravy on which floated dumplings as light as an angel's pinfeather, her fillets of halibut, haddock or cod fried to a delicate brown yet innocent of grease. She may have lacked humor and been limited in perception but if anyone ever rated a *cordon bleu* it was Ressie Duncan. During the meal it was settled that I stay with them at a very modest charge.

"Best not decide till you've seen your quarters," advised Brad. "We've no start-height mattresses or fancy gear on the plumbing's just a chamber pot and a convenience back o' the woodshed. Still you're welcome as a run o' spring mackerel to what we've got."

I gave a sigh of repletion. "I'll sleep in your woodshed if I can enjoy Mrs. Duncan's cooking three times a day." I meant it.

He chuckled. "She don't do too bad. Course I taught her myself. Couldn't fry a tater when I first married her but she learned."

"You're making that up, Brad Duncan. I could cook as well as lunch school long before I met you." Her annoyance was feigned. She'd no patience with jokes, large or small.

Later on she took me upstairs to my quarters, a small neat room with a sloping ceiling, hideous wallpaper and a window facing the sea.

The bed's real soft. A feather tick on top of the straw makes it comfortable." It was comfortable bed I found and almost a museum piece with its four posts topped by carved dolphins.

Brad's grandfather made that bed. He used to carve figureheads for vessels, times when vessels had figureheads. A master at it, Brad says. I daresay. I never met him nor any of Brad's family. Brad was an only son as he was when we first met. We still are, 'cept for each other. Kinless and childless.

Downstairs she made me free of the parlor. "Brad and I sit in the kitchen mostly, but you're welcome to take your ease in here whenever you like."

A man would find scant ease in here I thought, looking askance at the spindly parlor suite, rocker, armchair and settee brave in vermilion and yellow plush, the centre table draped in white crochet on which a conch shell habnabbed with a vase of paper flowers, the two cane-bottomed chairs flanking a cactus on a rustic stand. Fierce-eyed enlargements, male and female, glared from the walls, resembling neither Brad nor his wife though surely only family ties could warrant their presence. I sought the small bookcase if in a parlor I'm always interested in what people read. "Thrilling Experiences in Discovering the Poles, The Tragedy of the Titanic, The New Magdalen by Wilkie Collins, these books by Mary J. Holmes, some Atlantic Readers an Arithmetic for Common Schools" Oh yes, Mrs. Duncan had been a teacher. By them were two volumes on navigation.

Brad got them when we were first married. She'd been following my glance. "When he was studying for his ticket."

"His ticket?" I puzzled.

"To be a ship's officer. Third mate,



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second, mate, captain, you have to write your ticket ... pass exams that is for them."

"I see. In that case I suppose I ought to call Mr. Duncan, Captain Duncan?"

"No." Her eyes and voice became bleak. Brad Duncan's all he can claim. She braced herself with the exception and I bit back the questions I longed to ask. It was none of my business. Yet forty-odd years at sea! Surely a man deserved advancement to that length of time. Perhaps when they know me better I'd learn the answer to this little mystery. Meanwhile, I'd better get some painting done while the light was good.

How I painted that wonderful, wonderful summer. The Cove is a perfect horseshoe, bitten from the rolling granite hills. At high tide the fishhouses and wharves seem to sit quite still, rimming the water's edge, with the dwellings scattered higher up where the terrain is level. No trees grow there, no lawns or gardens, only gorse and thick-stalked weeds that flourish so profusely nothing else can be beautiful. Not tourist-bureau beautiful. Beautiful in a Greco way, with the pink and integrity in the blues and greys of sea and rocks, a strangeness in the contours a pride and fortitude in every low, weathered cottage. I painted what I saw, and it was good.

The Dominion didn't think so. Mrs. Brad, as I learned to call her following the custom of the Cove, was horrified disapproval when she first saw my work, though all she said was: "My, you use a lot of paint." Brad said nothing but "Humph!" I'm afraid he thought me a nuisance for on the only occasion that I went with him to the fishing grounds I was abominably seasick. He could overlook my reason for messing around with paints had I only had a stomach for it, morning, noon and night, as well. So he baited my hooks with reservations. Mrs. Brad took me as I was and mothered me at a respectful distance. Anything she could wash she washed, anything she could darn she darned, and her cooking was superb.

"You hadn't ought to make your own bed," she protested the first morning that I copied successfully with the feather tick.

"Force of habit, and army training," I told her. She had to give in for I made my bed before I went down to breakfast but she refused to let me help her with the dishes.

"It's woman's work. It drowns a man in washing and wipe."

I laughed. "My dear Mrs. Brad, some of my friends should hear you. Nearly all the married ones are working couples and they share the housework, meals, dishes, everything."

"Ain't fitting," she persisted, removing the towel from my grasp. "Men's work, woman's work, they don't mix. Least-ways not at the Cove."

Certainly not at the Cove. But by bit I discovered how rigid were the rules Victorian virtues that still governed life at Hideyan Cove. A man provided shelter and food, he was master of his house, keeper of the purse, the great Mr. Big. He might do a few chores for "the woman" such as stoking, milling or filling the woodbox, but he'd never stoop to clean anything else, he might make on her newly scrubbed floor while he was doing such tasks. He might or might not carry in water. A strong-minded woman was pontheous and all men feared the stigma of being henpecked. Cove women didn't smoke or drink or use make-up, though they camped their hair with hour permanents to dire effect.

Out of doors men walked ahead, followed by their wives and children. On the first Sunday morning going to church I caused Mrs. Brad much distress by lagging behind. Brad to wait for her. Only courting couples walked side by side.

Yes, the Cove was man's world.

I STAYED with the Duncans for three weeks that summer and my sketch book is filled with bits and pieces that bring the holiday back to me, yet I was woefully unobservant. I have sketches of Brad and his helper, Dennis Grenn at work in the fishhouse of the schooner Karl M. that called at the Cove twice a week to take fish in the city. I have drawings of the flakes on which cod dried to old ivory in the sun, of drying nets, and bearded dories. As I look at these drawings I can smell tar, salt ledge, rotting fish, seaweed, feel the sea wind against my cheek, hear the melancholy foghorn at the lighthouse ... and know less than nothing about Brad or actual fishing.

As to the relations between Mrs. Brad and her husband, they were ordinary, I guess. She was a dutiful wife and if I never saw any passages of affection neither did I hear any nagging or bickering. They took each other for granted. Not a bad thing in the frosty nudes.

On my last evening at the Cove Mrs. Brad produced a piece of burlap cut to a wooden frame about two by three feet. She wanted to hook a mat, she said, and wondered if I'd draw her a pattern.

"What kind?" I asked, thinking she'd want a simple geometric design or a stylized leaf and flower.

"It's this reminder picture, Smith's General Store, Brad," she said to her husband, "the one of the moose."

"That'd make a real fancy mat," he approved. "If you can manage it." This was to me.

I'm no expert on animal anatomy, nor I suspect, was the original artist, however I took a crayon and enlarging as I went, made a faithful copy for her to follow with her mat hook and rags. The moose was standing in a shallow pond, water up to his shins, or whatever corresponds to shins on the monarch of the forest, munching the lily pads. One lily pod dangled from the corner of his mouth and his face had the benign expression of a spaghetti lover at his favorite occupation. Sunset gilded the water, the tangle of bushes at the rim of the pond, the trees in the background, and the sky was a riot of reds, mauves and orange yellows.

"You'll need plenty of colors," I observed, "if you follow this exactly."

"I have scads of mat rags," she assured me. I packed them over to drive. If I haven't the right colors I can dye some." She brought a basket from the hall. "Look at these."

"Indeed you have a selection." I picked up a handful of gaudy strips. "Here's a red that's perfect for that bit in the corner, isn't it, Brad?" And this will do for those trees on the skyline."

He didn't reply and I felt a flash of annoyance. Did he think my interest in Mrs. Brad's met another sign of effeminacy and was his silence a snub? Hang it all! She'd asked me to draw the design. He'd watched while I was at work, even made a suggestion or two about the background. Nettled, I repeated my question. Brad shrugged his lean shoulders. "Don't ask me about your reds and greens. I can't tell one from t'other." He laughed harshly. "I'm a color blind freak, auff I Reese!"

"Color blind!" I echoed. "How ..." I nearly said "awful" and changed it to "odd!"

"Yeah. That's what I am."

"Funny thing, I never knew it till I



was married. Came as a surprise when they told me what ailed me."

They? I was trying to imagine what Brad's world was like. Did all things appear in shades of grey, reddish brown only one or two spectral colours? Did a red rose have a scarlet leaf? Was a bluebird no brighter than a sparrow?

Board of Examiners. Navigation School. When I went to write my ticket. They said I couldn't tell port from starboard lights. . . as they washed me out. Quite rightly. A man standing watch needs to tell red from green.

"You could tell them apart. Mrs. Brad broke in lastly. "If you tried. Maybe they look more alike to you than to most folks but you could have learned the difference. Cyrus just gave you time."

"No. Not yet. You took their money and ordinary seaman carpenter could as well have gone after Brad Duncan as ship articles.

At least I'm not found red vessel in drowned men any more."

The kitchen gathered up the bitter tones and I knew it wasn't the first time the walls had caught the altercation. "In the dark with fear in my mind can't you see I'd never be sure? Dear God! Help me! I never made you a captain's lady. like yer hoped. but I've done my best for us both. We've got a lot to be thankful for."

"Thankful for small mercies," she replied tartly. Very small mercies she implied.

Pity for her and respect for Brad made me wisely take my sides. She must have been lonely in the long years when he was at sea. On the other hand Brad, with the sea in his blood, had dedicated himself to service without proper reward. Few men could do that.

After that night I returned to Toronto the office and the dismal grind until one grand glorious day a few months later when a certain beer company, modern patron of the arts, bought three of my Halcyon Cove paintings.

I resigned at once. The next years are a patchwork of dark and light, of wandering of wrath and it wasn't until the fourth summer that I returned to June to Halcyon Cove.

I FOUND the Cove had changed. More and more dwellings had been put up—not old-style Cape Cod, but jerry built little boxes of colored tar paper reds and greens and imitation brick. The kind a man can put up in a day if he's content to be housed in one or two rooms. They disfigured the Cove. I said as much.

"Folks have got to have a place to live," remonstrated Mrs. Brad. "Lots of strangers have arrived in for the chowder out here. We're only thirty miles from the city and you'd be surprised how many travel back and forth to work. It's just an hour's car ride."

"I've noticed there are a lot of cars," I said.

More cars, less boats. Hardly any fishing "cept by a few old timers like me and Sid Jones," said Brad. "Used to be different. Only things open to a Cove man years back was offshore fishing or going aboard a vessel. Now he's got opportunities galore. Truck driving, defense work, bridges, roads—you'd be amazed at the jobs they hold. Some take courses, too, and learn trades. You mind Dennie Crono? He's a plumber now." Brad laughed. "Ah! The times that was. You knew the Karl Mc was lost!"

"No!"

"Yes. Went down with all hands in September gale. Now a truck comes from the city to pick up the fish. Weren't worth while to get another vessel on the run."

Things had changed. And people. Mrs. Brad remained the same, a little plumper perhaps and less active, the greater change was in Brad. He was leaner than ever and his skin had a waxy tinge that worried me. He'd been an excellent trencherman but now he picked at his food and complained of indigestion.

"You put too much seasoning in your grub, Rosie," he'd say. "What's going over you? Stews, roasts, hash, every blazin' bite near burns the gizzard outa me!"

"I cook the same as ever," she'd reply placidly. "Don't eat so fast and take a dose of soda."

Brad would swear and growl and top his meal with bicarbonate.

I tried to discount his symptoms at first for many persons have poor digestion as they get older. Then one afternoon I came on him leaning against the fishhouse door, clutching his breast.

"Brad! What's the matter, man?" I cried in alarm. "Can I help you?"

"Just indigestion," he gasped through grey lips. "I'll be all right. It's nothing."

I waited anxiously relieved after a minute or two to see the color start again in his face. He straightened up.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh! That's better. I get colic every time I have coal and pork scraps." We went inside and sat on a bench.

"Brad," I declared firmly, "you're a sick man and you know it. An attack like this isn't simple indigestion. Why don't you see a doctor?"

He'd only given it a fancy name.

"That's stupid, Brad. You mustn't take chances with your health. Let me run you into the city this afternoon. You could have a check up and be back by supper time."

"No. You mean well boy but I'm not going to a doctor."

I felt it was useless to argue with him then. I'd have a talk with Mrs. Brad. I decided before I tried again. He guessed my thought.

"Don't you say a word to Rosie about this. 'Twon't change things and



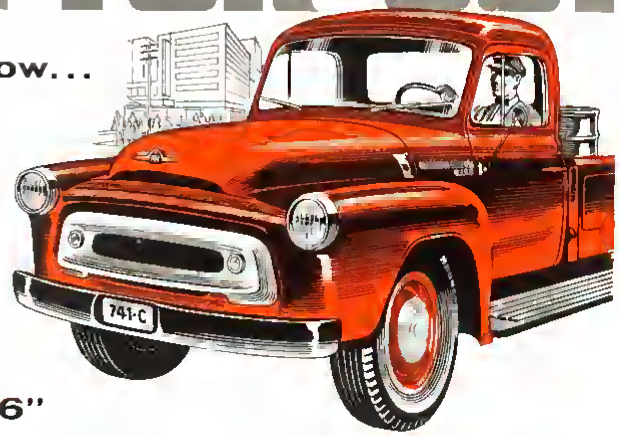
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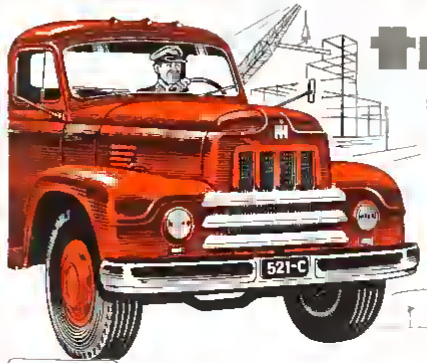
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I'm not going to worry her. She's enough to worry her more's the pity."

My suspicions were kindled. "Something other than ill health preyed upon him." Although I dislike persons who pry and shrink from being reunited in their number I braved a rebuff.

"You're in trouble, Brad. I know you are. What's the matter?" I asked.

For a long moment he wetted his jaw clenching and unclenching with emotion and I put on the pressure of silence. Finally he said: "I've had everything I put by — three thousand I had in the bank and two thousand insurance. Gone. Nigh every cent I had."

How dreadful! What happened?"

Ever hear tell of the Provincial Industries and Thrift Corporation? It went bust about a year ago. Government investigation is big to do in the papers and law courts. A hundred and thirty thousand dollars missing, nobody knows where. Thousands of small shareholders robbed . . . I was one of 'em."

"How could you risk all you had?"

A fatuous question. Poor gullible Brad.

"A glib talker came around and hooked me. How he did new though that's small comfort. Scheme was to build up Nova Scotian industries, like model dairies and fish packing plants. You'd get up to eight or ten percent on your money and were guaranteed never less than six percent. Sounded mighty good."

Yes, I agreed.

"I was cautious at first. In less than a month I got a cheque for thirty dollars and a typewritten slip. This wasn't interest, it was clear profit. Dividends. Thirty multiplied by twelve comes to three hundred and sixty dollars. Multiply that by five . . . seemed like I was throwing away a damn good chance if I didn't give 'em the rest of my money, so I did." He sighed. "That thirty dollars was all I ever got."

That's why I can't go to a doctor," Brad went on. "I can't afford to be told I'm sick. I'm not. It's just the pinched worry, worry, worry — no wonder my stomach's like a churn. I can't make enough behind alone, and it's impossible to get a helper. It don't take much to keep us. If only there was a bit comin' in steady. When I think o' that damn robbers! We could have lived two or six years on what they stole from me." He got to his feet. "But I've no right to burden you with my troubles, boy. Things'll work out somehow. They always do."

Have you thought of working in the city?" I asked tentatively. "Checking ships' stores, for instance, or keeping watch?" Surely work for Brad would be available in a great seaport like Halifax.

We couldn't leave the Cove," Bessie said, and I'm not out of place as a couple of rockin' chairs on a dory."

True. I couldn't imagine them in a city tenement and Brad was too old for the strain of travelling sixty miles day in, day out by car. He was leery of cars anyway. Only once had I persuaded him into mine.

Funny I never touched that money while it was in the bank. Good times or bad we managed without it. Now it's gone. I'm all upset.

Ah! Brad! I thought, they robbed you of your sense of security, so far worse than mere money.

I'D MADE no promise, so at the first opportunity I talked with Mrs. Brad about getting him to a doctor. He wasn't well. I was certain, and the strain of heavy lifting for full nets and heavy gales his mental distress might be causing a stomach ulcer or something. I'm no medical man but I knew he wasn't in good shape.

Yes," Mrs. Brad agreed completely, "he ought to see a doctor. I've been after him. It's his nerves, I think. Her placid face showed no deep concern. Worry plays cruel on your nerves. He told you what happened to the money?"

He did."

I told him it wasn't safe, now we where we are." She moved to the stove and stirred a pot.

I looked through the window across the Cove. Monday washes billowed near every dwelling, splashing grey rocks with color and a bright ribbon of children steamed from the schoolhouse door for morning recess. A thought struck me.

Couldn't you go back to teaching, Mrs. Brad?" I knew the school was overcrowded and there was some mention of having double sessions, or building on another schoolroom next term.

Gracious no!" She was shocked at my proposal. "Brad wouldn't hear of it, though teachers are scarce and my license is permanent. He'd never let me."

I'd forgotten the mores of Holcyon Cove. A man supported his wife, not vice versa. I couldn't help balancing it against Brad's eagerness for a bit company in steady. Practical alas would tip the scale. I had another inspiration.

Why not board the teachers, then?"

Oh! no!" That time her denial was more fervent. I'd never consent to that."

Why not?"

Her faded eyes held pity for my innocence. Brad's a good man and no skirt-chaser, but he's human. I don't want some flighty young thing around making trouble between us."

That's ridiculous," I protested trying not to smile.

Ridiculous or not, I shan't risk it. Of course if Brad thinks of it himself he'll have to . . . but don't you put the idea in his head."

My ideas were all exhausted so the matter was dropped though privately I resolved to pay high rates this time for my own board at the Cove. And since they were not overly concerned about his need for medical care, I was in no position to force a doctor on them, no matter what my own misgivings.

About noon two or three days later as I was skulking by Brad's wharf I saw him coming in from sea. He put the engine and guided the boat to anchor astern in the channel for the tide was low. Then getting into his dinghy moored and waiting there, he began to row toward the shore. Brad always forced the bow of the boat thrusting instead of going against the water, the oars moving with strong vigorous strokes only a lifetime's practice could achieve. I gathered up my things and walked around the fishhouse to meet him on the wharf. By this time Brad's boat was no longer in my line of vision, since the tide, as I've said, was at ebb, but was hidden at the foot of the wharf. He'd tie it there and climb the ladder nailed to the side of the pilings.

Three gulls wheeled nearby and for an instant I thought the unearthly cry sharp and sudden on the moonlit air came from them. Then Brad's head and shoulders came over the edge of the wharf face ashen, mouth working soundlessly and I knew tragedy was upon us.

Hold on, Brad! I'm coming." I darted forward reaching for him. Too late. My fingers barely touched him as he slipped from the ladder, collapsing. Dead I'm sure before he crashed into the little boat below.

NO INQUEST was necessary, the doctor who was also the district coroner decided. Death was due to coronary thrombosis. Heart failure. Heart strain. Brad's indigestion had been an unheeded signpost to the presence of disease.

I'll skip the next three days. Death shouldn't mean a parade of ghoulish gaiety, humans, from the very old to babes in arms, "viewing the remains" and "payin' their respects," regarding with macabre relish how they "knowed he weren't for long" and anybody could see he was failin'." It shouldn't be a gloomy festival, a country fair in crepe with every dark Jill and Jethro who could possibly attend flocking to the cottage thence to the church and still group strung to the corpse's last resting place. It shouldn't be, but it was.

Inland about a mile, where there is earth enough for a grave, the Cove people bury their dead and there on a fine June afternoon we buried Brad Duncan. A small old graveyard it is, with crumbling moss-grown stones dating back a hundred years and shapeless mounds covered with creeping ivy and wild briar.

Caught by the sea wind the minister's robe billowed against Mrs. Brad's funeral silk and I forgot to listen. Just in comparing the two blacks, the dull greens of the cleric's gown and the zigzag highlights on hers. Accompanied by a neighbor, Mrs. Butler, a thin woman with shoe-button eyes, she stood a little apart from the rest. Mrs. Brad to quote another current phrase "was bearin' up good." She had shown amazing self control.

"So this is what it's like," she'd murmured to me at the wharf as we waited for the doctor. "You know — to be continued

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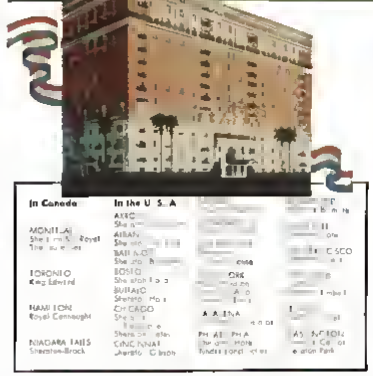
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And thus began that dire warning
I did not like Hedda in the morning

But now my evenings glow with rose
Deplorable affrigance
The tide of life is running slow
I've given up indulgence
I am upright, principled and loyally
When morning comes I tiptoe first ghastly

P. J. STACKWELL

I've often wondered how it would happen. When Brad died, off on a voyage, I'd think . . . will this be the last time I see him? Will he be lost at sea? Every good-by was . . . sort of final . . . if you know what I mean. And now, when it was final . . . " Her voice trailed away. Then added, "He was a good man, was Brad."

Every parting is a little death, I thought.

She hadn't cried, unless in private. Enough time to think of it, she had in private, since we brought Brad already home. Her hard-set face, the heels of the nurse Mrs. Ruther had come to lend moral support to the bereaved and to my knowledge hadn't left Mrs. Brad alone for five minutes. They'd slept together, sharing the bed that Brad had so lately warmed, and seemed puzzled when I offered to let them have my room and sleep on the couch in the kitchen. Yet we recalled the maternal instinct.

Mrs. Butler returned to the cottage with us after the service. "Now you just set in the parlor with Mr. Gregg," she said to Mrs. Brad, with a fine mixture of command and cossing. "I'll get supper. Funerals is terrible wearin' and you need to rest."

I was glad she made the suggestion for I wanted to talk with Mrs. Brad in private. I'd decided to try for a cottage, allowing, her term man'ut, of course as long as she wished. My resources were limited, but I knew I could borrow the money and the purchase price would give her something to live on. The funeral expenses I'd gathered would entirely exhaust Brad's shrunken bank account. Some of my friends would think me foolish and quixotic, burdening myself with debt for one who had no claim on me. That was my affair. It would be pleasant to have a *pied-à-terre* whenever I returned to Nova Scotia. I had no other responsibilities or dwelling, for my own mother had died when I was slogging it out on the Scheldt in '44, and my sisters were married . . . and what else could I do? Brad Duncan had been my good friend.

I'm glad to sit down," Mrs. Brad admitted, taking the rocker while I tried out the spindly settee. Crumbling the stem of the past few days she looked very fresh. Dishes rattled from the kitchen and I tried to think of a tactful way to broach my plan before Mrs. Butler, a quick-moving woman, would call us to the table, when Mrs. Brad cleared her throat. She too had something on her mind.

"Allistair," she said, "I hope you won't take it amiss but I'd like you to leave sometime tomorrow."

"Leave?" I repeated stupidly. "Leave?"

Her pudgy hand fluttered dejectedly. "I don't mean leave the Cove, but there's other places you can board while you're in these parts."

"I don't understand."

A spot of color tinged her sallow pendulous cheeks. "Mrs. Butler can't stay after tonight," she replied primly, "and it wouldn't look right us being here alone. Folks'd talk for sure."

Irritation and amusement battled in me. "Oh, come now, Mrs. Brad! Surely . . . "

"A widow has to be careful. I've always had a good name, I aim to keep it."

"Of course I don't wish to cause you embarrassment," I assured her. World she think her good name threatened if she accepted my offer. I wondered? Would Cove tradition forbid her taking aid from me? And how could I make her change her mind if she refused? Ignoring the question of my departure I tried to lead up to my own plan.

"Have you decided what you'll do?"

"Yes, indeed, I have," her reply was firm and prompt. "I'm going to board the teachers."

I nodded. With Brad gone, she'd see her way clear to do that.

"Of course," she went on brightly, "that won't be till September. But I can manage fine till then on my forty a month."

"Your forty a month?" Had I been mistaken? Surely Brad had told me all his insurance had been withdrawn. Had he been wise enough to reserve the small annuity for her?

The spare collar deepened as she bent her head in the direction of the kitchen, meaning she didn't want Mrs. Butler to hear. "The old age pension. That's forty a month, you know. I'll apply right away."

But you can't get that till you're seventy." My glance went to the silver-washed nameplate on top of the book case which the undertaker had removed from the coffin before Brad's body was taken to the church. Such a plate I'd thought, served no identification should the grave be opened at a future date. At the Cove, on the contrary, it was kept as a grisly memento of the departed. I read the lettering again.

BRADFORD JOHN DUNCAN
AGED SIXTY FIVE

She gave a sheepish smirk. "I'll be seventy-three come July. I was near eight years older than Brad, though you'd never guess it, would you?"

"Surely three? You mean you might have been getting that money for three years?" I was incredulous. "Why in heaven's name didn't you?"

Oh! I couldn't. I'd never told Brad and I'm always thought we were the same age. He'd have been terribly mortified. I kept it from him right to the end."

The complacency in her voice made my flesh crawl. Vanity? Stupidity? Callous indifference? From what motives stemmed this crowning irony of Brad's all-starred unlucky life? Pursuit spiders I'd read devoured their mates. What manner of woman was she, this fat black widow sitting smug in her ugly little parlor?

She rustled her funereal silk to show that confidences were at an end and raised her voice.

"So you see, Allistair, I'm going to be all right."

After a long moment I answered. "Yes." I agreed heavily. "You'll be all right." ★



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Liechtenstein Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

When you have left the pleasant prosperous city of Zurich it is only a short journey to Liechtenstein and so we came to the little principality and drove up a hill to a hotel as modern and smart as anything a dollar millionaire could desire. We telephoned Paul Gallico who invited us to come at six o'clock to his house at the top of the mountain where we could swim in the pool before eating the dinner which he would personally prepare for us.

Our car climbed up and up the winding road until against the sky line we saw Gallico waving welcome and an estrangement. The groaning car made it all right despite a brawl between the left front fender and a concealed rock in the side of the road.

What a sight it was from this five thousand foot eyrie! Far below was the River Rhine looking ridiculously like an unused motoring highway. The sun was wrapped in mist and the mountains were like a setting for Das Rheingold!

"You will swim of course," said Gallico. We looked at the disconsolate little pool trembling in the mountain breeze. "The chill mountain air was already seeping into our bones. My own thoughts were on such incongruous things as a rug and a roaring fire. Even a neat whisky would have had a certain medicinal attraction.

"I don't think we'll swim," said my wife. "We are really rather tired and it would be lovely just to sit and look at the mountains."

What about a nice cold Martini?" asked our host. With a last indignant glare the sun went down behind a mountain peak and the temperature fell another ten degrees.

"Would you mind," said my wife, "if we went for a walk? I'd love to see more of the place."

"Sure," said Paul. "I'm cooking the dinner so I'm out of the picture for a while."

So off we went on the Lone Trail but hardly had we passed a solitary wooden cottage when we were joined by a kitten that offered to be our guide.

Is there any animal, human or reptile that can compare in unconscious graceful ness with a kitten? The games this one invented on the way—its pretended fright, its mock heroics, its daredevil leaps from twig to twig, its cozy rubbing against our legs to show that the whole thing was great fun and he was glad we had turned up.

"Can't we buy him?" asked my daughter. "I'd take care of him in the car. What a mad idea . . . utterly preposterous . . . I suppose, though he would not really take up much room.

Fortunately the kitten held at this moment. He had seen a twig move he was full of suspicion and disappeared from this narrative and our lives, a happy lonely little creature playing imaginary drums in a setting lit for the Twilight of the Gods.

The temperature had dropped ten more degrees by the time we returned to Gallico's habitat and the long asphalt colored roadway called the Rhine was settling down for the night.

By this time our number for dinner had been augmented by a handsome young woman, the Baroness Virginia von Falz Fein. In spite of her name she was English being the daughter of the eminent barrister Sir Henry Curtis Bennett.

While Gallico puts the finishing touches to the dinner and we sip an ice-cold glass of sherry let me tell you the strange story of the baroness.

After the Hitler war her wanderings took her to New York where she met a handsome young Russian named Baron von Falz-Fein. He was a White Russian who managed to escape from the earthly paradise which Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin had conferred upon the Russian people.

He had one obsession—photography—but after meeting Miss Curtis Bennett in New York he had two. They married and went to live in the Principality of Liechtenstein where the ruling prince granted him sanctuary and citizenship.

But photography although a pleasant hobby was not quite a career for the baron and when you have photographed one mountain you have pretty well photographed them all. Fortunately at this stage in their lives the former Miss Bennett brought English commercialism to the aid of Russian romanticism. Why not persuade the British travel agencies to route their European touring buses to Liechtenstein?

Off she went to London and like Portia pleaded for justice to the little principality. The British tourist



MACLEAN'S

magnate listened but were not impressed. Their buses already went to five continental countries and there would be no advantage in routing them to a sixth.

"But you will be offering one more country than your rivals," said Portia "and it is really not off the beaten track."

Probably to get rid of her, the magnate finally agreed. But already the young lady was thinking ahead. Why not a shop right in the square where the buses would stop to sell quaint cuckoo clocks, national dolls and printed handkerchiefs?

This is the story she told us at Gallico's house and she invited us to come at noon to the shop to see what happened when the buses rolled up.

We waited next day at the appointed hour. Up came a huge omnibus and stopped right outside the shop. Out got the touring Britons and swept into the shop like a tidal wave. Pound notes were fluttering in all directions and half crowns were jingling like sleigh bells while the accents of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Wales and London created absolute uproar.

In all the crush and clamor the baroness and her coal assistants kept their pretty heads. Business first was their motto. The handsome young baron looked on with an air of being pleased but puzzled at the eagerness of the Britons to get rid of their money.

At first the Baroness told us we just had things that would cost a shilling or sixpence but we soon saw our mistake. They seem to be absolutely rolling with money. Look at them!"

All battles come to an end. The recall was sounded and out poured the tourists, festooned with strange hats, pictured handkerchiefs and carrying tinkling music boxes. Off went the bus to the accompaniment of shouts and waving hands. That was Liechtenstein that was, and the tourists would have summat to show for it when they got back to Wigan.

But now I must tell you that the principality has an attraction of quite another sort, an attraction which goes to the head like strong wine. There is no income tax in Liechtenstein.

Read those words and luxuriate with me at their brevity and simple charm. There is neither income tax nor surtax in Liechtenstein. Your money is your own save for local rates perhaps and a luxury sales tax. And what is the result? No less than four thousand foreign companies are registered in the tiny principality.

Not unnaturally there were a surprising number of foreigners who developed a deep desire to become Liechtensteiners. But the government of the principality decided on a policy of paternalism at a price. A foreigner could only become a full fledged subject of the principality by a payment of ten thousand pounds or approximately thirty thousand dollars. By which you will gather that the principality may be remunerative but not wholly out of touch with modern thought.

In fact so up to date is the ruling prince Franz Joseph II that he acquired two fortunes in his kingdom—one making false teeth and another making calculating machines. I regret that the false teeth did not prosper but the calculating machines did well. After all, when there are four thousand registered companies there must be plenty of opportunity for calculating.

However you must not think that the prince is solely concerned with mundane matters. He and his wife live in a medieval castle with greater comforts as modern as this year's calendar. What is more they have an art collection which is one of the finest in the world.

Is the prince a dictator? Not at all. Liechtenstein has a parliament of two parties consisting of five elected deputies from each party. Providing that the MPs always vote according to their whip there will be a perpetual stalemate that can only be resolved by the prince. In other words it might be said that in the principality there is democracy under control.

When all this was explained to me I ventured to suggest that their parliament was under the dictatorship of the prince—who incidentally is a Hapsburg. His would always be the final decision.

"Oh no," came the reply. "It is the church that decides."

We telephoned our farewells to Paul Gallico but did not ascend to his mountain home again. We said good-by to the pretty baroness and her handsome husband. Then in the square we turned the nose of the car to the east for Austria was to be our next invasion.

But even as we waved good-by and promised to return soon upon a large bus roared into the square and with a cry that sounded like Up Grenfells and at 'em! a new crowd of British tourists dashed into the store and let loose their pound notes and half crowns in all directions.

Good-by," shouted the baroness but the incoming tide bore her out of sight.

No doubt high up on the mountain Paul Gallico was cooking his noonday meal and perhaps the kitten had come over to beg him company.

Some day I shall return to Liechtenstein," I said to my three ladies.

But they did not hear me. They were studying the map in if the principality had been a mere stop en route.

I shall return," I said but the noise of a motor horn from behind drowned the sound of my voice. ★

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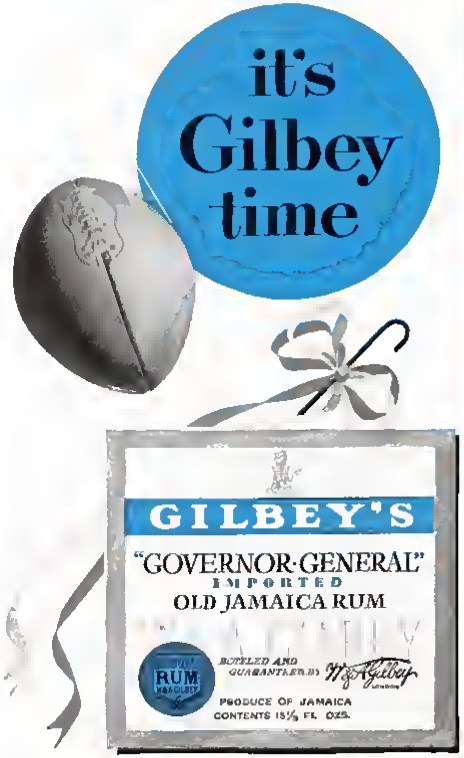
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I Don't Want To Play

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

stopped while everyone watched him in a sort of awe as it became apparent that he couldn't remember anything that he had multiplied six by nine and get one hundred and sixty three. That he had practically no reflex action had frightened the capital of England couldn't hold celery between his teeth, and turned out to be a poor sport when the hostess started shrieking excitedly "No NO! You can't put your shoes on yet. You haven't done it right. You don't pin the celery to the cardboard."

He snapped up a bar from the floor. "What the devil do you mean? You told me to pin it to the board just half a minute ago." got a crick in his back and let out a military oath that made every one turn aside in embarrassment. It till it revealed that he wasn't a grand old man after all.

In fact he became completely demoralized and for days after that when we'd be standing out in our gardens he'd suddenly look at me with a new anxious look in his eyes. It was clear he was thinking of himself instead of deck chairs. He'd say "I've got a head for figures, you know but not when people are shouting at me." When they start that I just won't get into a room by myself. I get rattled. I'd make a poor pilot."

This hostess just about made an introvert out of him at the age of seventy-five, and probably would have if he'd gone to any more of her parties. But next time he just turned me "Make my excuses will you? Till that woman I'm tied up in another matter!"

But the point is, wherever anyone starts monkeying with human nature they usually cause more trouble than they cure especially the kind of people who think you can work on the human character from the outside like a pie crust, molding it into something more desirable for a few hours.

A lot of activities at my kids Sunday-school class are presided over by a tall pleasant young minister from New Brunswick who out of real goodness of heart and a genuine desire to serve believes that you always have to be doing something brisk about human nature or nobody will have a good time. I really like this man and respect him but I just automatically start hiding behind pillars when he appears.

I was at one of his affairs the other day when following a picnic lunch about fifty parents all sat around in a big circle next to the people they wanted to sit next to talking and enjoying themselves. Then this minister came in took one look around saw that nothing was organized and with the energy of a gym instructor announced something about us all getting to know one another better. With that, he made everyone stand up walk to the middle of the floor tell a lot of people who didn't care who he was, what his work was and where he came from. Everybody nearly died of self consciousness and the minister tried to make them feel at ease by making little jokes in a professionally projected voice and laughing heartily. When he got me up there he caught me on that old one about what hand did I write with and what hand did I stir my tea with when I said my right, he said he used a spoon himself and cheated me on the back and left me to grope my way back to my seat.

The thing is, he not only changed the mood of the ones who had been in the middle of the floor—all of whom after they'd returned to their seats, sat looking unhappily into space—but worried the ones who hadn't been called yet about what he was going to do to them so that they couldn't pay any attention to what was going on. On top of all this, he made a lot of people forget where they'd been sitting and they found themselves among people they didn't know and who wouldn't talk to them.

One time he told me with a sort of benign graciousness "I like to drag people out of themselves."

With all due respect for his intentions, if a guest is the type who is shy sensitive and shrewd-witted nobody is going to change him by dragging him out of himself or if they do it's something I'd just as soon not see. I believe in leaving people in themselves. The place for people to come out of themselves is on a psychiatrist's couch.

A good host or hostess, in my opinion not only doesn't bring guests out of themselves but deftly keeps them stuffed in so that the only part that's showing is the best part—the part that should go to parties.

Not that all people who plan organized fun are trying for a quick psychological cure. Some just feel that a get together of any kind is a failure unless everybody knows everybody else and that the quickest way to bring it about is something that will make them all stand up and move away from the people they like.

What Do You Say to a Pumpkin?

One bright brown-eyed young hostess I know has been doing this ever since I've known her. As soon as everyone is having a good time she gives strips of paper on them divides them into two groups so that friends are quantasses and people who get along well are not together. then puts one group in the dining room and the other in the kitchen. There as far as I know she goes to a late movie because I never see her again.

I've yet to see one of these games and my way but with a lot of people standing around in different rooms as if they were going through customs waiting for something to happen. It never does.

It's even worse when the guests are in costume, in some sort of pageant to which only the hostess has the key. One time she herded seven guys into a sort of den seated us all on the floor around a pumpkin and told us in a haunting tremulous eerie monotone that we were all witches. Then she left us looking at the pumpkin and wondering how long it would be before the party broke up.

Among the witches were a chemical engineer from a tire factory, a commercial artist from Simpsons an insurance salesman a Hoffman Press operator an auditor a cop (dressed like a grandmother) and a linotype operator—none of whom had met one another until an hour ago and all of whom wished they hadn't even then. Only two guys tried to keep up the spirit of mummery. The Hoffman Press operator a large man who I think was supposed to be a skeleton, gave one eerie cry and everyone stared at him until he just went back to staring at the pumpkin. But the really shattering sight was the linotype operator who was dressed as a baby, with a bottle and a rattle in one hand and a rubber nipple in his mouth. When he had arrived at the party he had cried and said he wanted more milk and everybody nearly died laughing. But springing this without warning on a large group of people, including a lot of women and several old friends is one thing. Keeping it up an hour later in a room with six strange men including a cop dressed as a grandmother, is something else again. Every time he burst out crying, the cop scowled from under his lace cap and looked as if he would have liked to get him down at the station for five minutes of evening vespers.

I'd come as an old Rembrandt with a frame around my head. I'm usually tongue tied at parties anyway, but if you want to see something really subdued you should see me sitting looking through a picture frame at a cop dressed as a grandmother, or even a cop dressed as a cop. On the other side of me was the chemical engineer, a big, handsome, sulky red faced man who was supposed to be a cavalier.

I've never seen anything less gay than that group. We all sat there looking grimly at the pumpkin the cavalier flipping little bits of lint off the rug with his rapier, the man dressed as a baby sucking his nipple thoughtfully, and the cop waiting for him to say "mamma" just once more. It was so funny as a nervous breakdown. The hostess never did come back. We just all began to stand up after a half an hour or so to read book titles or shove our lace bonnets and picture frames back off our heads and say a few words to one another about the weather. We probably would have all been there yet, stark staring mad, if our wives hadn't looked in on us eventually and told us in some surprise that they were serving coke and coffee.

String Ties a Party in Knots

Of all the confused ideas about entertaining I think the worst is that it's all right to invite anyone to a social affair with complete disregard of tastes, background, interests, sensitivity, old feuds and delicately balanced relationships and think that the whole thing will be a success as long as every one is made to play games. I remember our time in Kitchener watching two principals in a feud chew their way along a string toward one another. A few days earlier they had been threatening to decapitate one another with shovels. For some reason one of them had a theory that he owned the other man's driveway. It had something to do with a survey made by William Lyon Mackenzie. They were always yelling at one another above the sound of the wind leaves, the roar of their cars and the barking of a beautiful big police dog.

Actually it should have been a man and his wife at either end of the string but the hostess got the tennis mixed up. These two guys made an agonizing effort to be good sports and pretend there was something human on the other end of the string but soon they were beginning to reel the string in with their fists, without taking their eyes off one another. They would have probably been scoring the game with loose teeth if a couple of guests hadn't hollered "Time's up!" and shouldered them apart.

Another thing about party games, from a purely practical point of view, they're nuts! Possible. The essence of the fun in any game is a certain skill which implies a certain knowledge of the

Maybe the party hostess knew why—Bob didn't—but suddenly he became a witch



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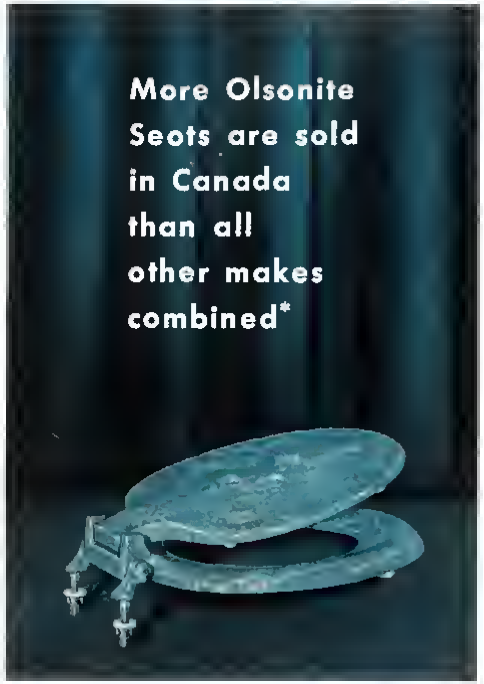
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game. But there isn't time in an evening to learn at the party games I run up against. The idea that somebody can learn a new game, play it, have some coffee and sandwiches and a good time all in one evening is like expecting someone to spend Saturday afternoon learning algebra. It is even worse the way most people explain games.

I've noticed that people who explain games explain everything but the purpose of the game. A couple of weeks ago I was forced sullenly into a game involving cards, miniature plastic brooms and little wooden disks with numbers on them. For three hours I played without knowing once what I was doing. I don't know yet. I don't want to know either. But the point in the hostess and her husband both started to tell me my everything about the game except what I was supposed to do.

Or rather why I was supposed to do it—and told me both at the same time. They not only didn't tell me what I was supposed to do, they told me all the things that would prevent me from doing it and would count against me.

"See," the husband would say, shuffling the cards, "if anybody gets a queen or three jacks before you've got thirteen, you make them take a card from the deck. Then you can pick up any of the cards you discarded. If they say they're going to try for more than twenty-one—"

"You'll catch on as soon as you start playing," his wife said complacently, disregarding the fact that I didn't want to play. "It's just like bridge, except that if you throw a three you become a lamppost, and you count with brooms and arms."

How to Be a Lamppost

Every time I asked what I was supposed to do she said: "You try not to be a lamppost. It's hands off for—"

I've been trying not to be a lamppost all my life. I still didn't know how it fitted into this particular game.

We'll just play a couple of games so that you can get the hang of it," the husband said.

Eight games later they were looking at me with horribly polite little smiles and saying, things like: "No, you see if you're a lamppost you mustn't feel—"

As far as I could see the only possible purpose of this game was to end it as quickly as possible or, better still, never to have started it. The only thing that half saved the situation for me was my partner, a large woman with a happy face as expressionless as an egg, who not only couldn't understand anything but couldn't hold her cards so that she could read them. She would fan all the cards out to the right instead of the left, so that she had seven blank corners to look at and had to peek behind each card or underneath it on it looking into a hut even. The only difference was that she didn't use pot holders.

But I'm not reiterating games as games but as artificial social devices. They don't work any better than any other form at social coercion or methodical taping out of people's moods and prejudices. It's sometimes hard to figure out people who think they do.

One time I was in Canadian picnic in Florida, arranged by a local club. The chief organizer, with unerring instinct sensed immediately that people who liked one another were going to group together and in a flash of genius said that we'd all sit in the order of home provinces. With this one master stroke he had people from Winnipeg sitting next to people they didn't know at all or from Toronto. Argue not sitting next to people from Ottawa and New foundlanders and Albertans trying in vain to find something in common besides Canada.

People who don't like one another don't like one another any better just because somebody arranges for them to meet. I stayed one time at a small beach community in Nova Scotia where I met a fussy, friendly, nervous printing salesman who was a born social arranger. He felt that, for a writer, I just wasn't meeting enough people. All I wanted to do was to sit scowling, at the gulls and occasionally talking to one little man I met on the well digger who was full of fascinating stories of the things he thought about while he was below sea level.

But this printing salesman started arranging little soirées with people I didn't want to meet and who wanted to meet me even less. At one intimate little get together he introduced me to a big bald lawyer who looked at me as if waiting for me to make just one wrong move, a sort of little member at the town council with ulcers and no use for writers, an Austrian sculptor with a duck face, and a wife who talked all night about a pregnant cat, a millionaire yachtsman who tried not to be a snob about people without yachts and a retired librarian who had written several papers on Cromwell's England. The yachtsman thought the Cromwellian scholar was a square, the Cromwellian scholar thought the sculptor was a freak. Both the scholar and the sculptor thought people shouldn't have yachts at a million dollars. I thought nobody should have a wife with a pregnant cat. Nobody liked me. And the lawyer and the councilor got into a fight. Everybody got away as fast as possible in their sculpture office, yacht and books. I don't know where the Cromwellian scholar went. On the last day the printing salesman had un-rill invited little cards with our names and addresses on them and glee them to one another. We'll tore them up as soon as we got out at night. At least I presume the others did too—I've never heard from any of them.

All in all, making someone do something, he wouldn't have thought of doing himself doesn't make him enjoy it. Dragging shy people out of their corners doesn't make them any less shy. The way to help shy people out is to leave them alone. Pushing people around on any scale is a form of tyranny, even if it's done with the best of intentions by means of hearty social gimmicks. In fact this kind of the worst kind of tyranny, the kind with moral backing. Anybody who refuses to go along with the convention that you should not only enjoy yourself but enjoy yourself a certain way is generally regarded as a poor sport and the kind of guy who lurks deep in TV plays and gets shown up in his true colors by a cowboy. If you ask my hostesses who don't like people who don't like games yet still invite them to their parties and try to strike them play would probably dynamite brunk trout, and I gives them fair warning that from now on I'm not going to play.

In fact if it's the kind of party that needs something to break the ice I'm going to state right past it and get home. ★

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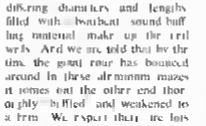
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The Myth That's Muffling Canada's Voice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

have been echoing and re-echoing their discouraging plaint across all the days of my years, restless no distinctive Canadian literature restless. The wail is in tremulous harmony with the strange noises made by some politicians who claim we must be a nation until we carve the Union Jack out of the flag.

Canadian literature restless! What language do we speak, Esperanto? And what are we—great birding Kikeyu! I for one am gratefully happy with the roots of our literature which smack others, are Milton, Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dante. Furthermore I do not fully comprehend what is meant by a distinctive Canadian literature. It enough Canadians apply their Canadian minds to the world around them and the seats of their Canadian pants to the seats of their Canadian chairs, we can have a burgeoning Canadian literature.

Indeed we have a pretty good flowering of Canadian literature right now. Try to humour the state of Canadian writing to any literary gathering in New York or London or Paris and you will be challenged with a flood of names. Robertson Davies, Marthy Gallaghen, Hugh MacLennan, Thomas Costain (who lives in the U.S. but is widely regarded as vigorously Canadian), Mazo de la Roche, Lawrence Earl Gwethelyn Graham, Roger Lemelin and half a dozen other Canadians writing in the French language. These are writers of various types and schools, and readers will differ violently on their merit or lack of merit, but bundle them up and they are a formidable lot. My point is that only in Canada is Canadian writing derided, decried and indeed dismissed as nonexistent.

Perhaps the principal area of dispute lies in the question: what is a Canadian novel? That is a blood brother to the question: what is a distinctive Canadian literature?

There is a group of people based mostly in Toronto with tentacles reaching deep into radio, television, publishing and the book pages of principal newspapers, that I like to call the Inner Coterie of Canadian Authors. Many of these self appointed arbiters of Canadian culture are connected with the Canadian Authors Association, whatever that is.

This group would seem to believe that a Canadian novel must restrict itself to Canadian characters, locales, situations and problems. My own definition of a Canadian novel is one written by a Canadian or more accurately one written by a product of Canadian education and upbringing.

I have scant sympathy with the pronunciation that holds that a novel must be about a hut in northern Saskatchewan or unrest in the Maritimes or the climb at our two great cultures to qualify as Canadian literature. This is the essence of timidity, the root of a terrible inferiority complex. One might as well discuss Julius Caesar and Hannes And Arthur Miller plays, and For Whom The Bell Tolls as a Spanish novel. Are our newspapers less Canadian because they print as preponderance of world news on their front pages and deal with world problems on their editorial pages? Is Mike Pearson less Canadian because he doesn't restrict his speeches to wheat, the St. Lawrence Seaway and Canada's air space? Is a writer less Canadian be-

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cause he refuses to believe that British and American novelists have a monopoly on universal problems and big canvases? And best sellers? And Heaven forfend enough popularity to attract offers from Hollywood!

Just as there is a distinctive Canadian policy on the world stage of foreign affairs and a distinctive Canadian position in the world of finance and commerce there can be, I believe a distinctive Canadian niche in English language literature. The three novels I have written though they deal mostly with non Canadians could not easily have been written by anyone except a Canadian. All three books deal with the impact upon Britain and Europe of a great and historic development the unsung accession of the United States to world leadership and responsibility. Who can look at all sides of this momentous event better more compassionately than a Canadian? Who else in the world has a more immediate comprehension of and intimacy with both sides of the Atlantic? This in my view is a clear and unchallenged Canadian literary function even though the characters in the three books are mostly Americans, British and west Europeans.

A man writes what he knows best and feels deepest. I happen to have been a foreign correspondent most of my adult life. Does this make me or my books less Canadian? John P. Marquand remarks in his review of The Sixth of June my most recent novel *for me* the English and the American runs in a wartime novel are equally convincing. This is a Canadian literary function.

Of course I would like to see great powerful novels written by Canadians about our own country her problems and her folklore displayed in bookstalls all over the world. I am sure this generation will see Canadian Joyce Carys and Canadian Robert Penn Warrens emerge. But let's not insist on putting the cart before the horse. First we must expand our cadre of crack professionals. We must encourage Canadian novelists to get out on the world stage. We must convince them that they are not condemned to garrets and to the whims of the Inner Coterie of Canadian Authors, that they have both roots and opportunity that the psychological handicaps can be blown asunder with a single deep breath of courage.

At this point I must become even more personal than I have been heretofore, simply because my most expert witnesses on the subject are pages out of my own experience.

In early 1944 I was in England awaiting the assignment to D-day. I decided to spend the time writing a book, my first. The title chosen was They Left The Back Door Open because it was a report on the conquest of Sicily and the storming of the Bay of Salerno by the U.S.–British Fifth Army. The manuscript was completed in March of that year and I mailed it to a major Canadian publishing house in Toronto.

No one except a writer can know the excitement bound up in sending his or her first book to a publisher. It is heaven and hell dreams and fevers of torture. Especially torture and especially the waiting waiting waiting. As it turned out, I didn't have to wait too long. One fine spring day the millennium arrived in the form of a cable from the editor in chief of the publishing house. Splendid accepted publishing quickly as possible. Glory be!

One deliriously happy month later a letter arrived from the same publishing house. It was a most sympathetic letter. They were deeply sorry to disappoint me but, it turned out, they had decided to publish a major American author's report on the Mediterranean campaign and, as the subject matter was more or less similar well crash!

Only a writer can measure the disappointment and only I can know how valuable a lesson I learned from it. My London bureau manager, a grand Englishman who was never caught without an umbrella bundled up a carbon copy of my manuscript, sent it to a major British publishing house. One week later, the publisher took me to lunch, told me it was the finest book he had read on the Mediterranean campaign and handed me a cheque for the British equivalent of four hundred dollars as an advance royalty. The fact that another Canadian publishing house subsequently accepted the manuscript couldn't erase that first disappointment nor could it obscure that first lesson. If you think you're as good a writer as the next man, get out into the world, feel out into the world. Canada will eventually come charging up from the rear!

The Inner Coterie Sniffed

Small wonder then that when I returned from the war in 1946 with a burning ambition to write a first novel I offered my first two chapters and a story outline to LeBaron Barker, Doubleday's executive editor in New York. He was blissfully ignorant of the fiction that Canadian writing is rootless and he promptly produced a contract and a substantial advance royalty cheque. The novel turned out to be The Sealed Verdict. It sold about twenty five thousand hard-cover copies in the United States, Canada and Britain over one hundred and fifty thousand book club copies some six hundred thousand paperbacks, was translated for publication in France, Denmark, Italy, Spain and Norway, was made into a movie by Paramount, serialized by Cosmopolitan magazine and attracted a wealth of superlative reviews all over the world. The Saturday Review of Literature listed my name at the top of their gallery of the best first novelists of 1947.

Had I made the grade in my own country? Not by a long shot. The Inner Coterie of Canadian Authors, based mostly in Toronto sniffed like a constipated owl. Wrote the critic of the Toronto Globe and Mail:

"This is a sideline view of Allied Military Government in action in which the author theatrically stacks the cards with all the unreasons of a soap opera and melodramatically telegraphs the outcome. The six chapters of Sealed Verdict are labeled in the prescribed Mundny through Saturday formula of radio's washboard weepers. However Sealed Verdict has already been purchased by Paramount. Pictures serialized in Cosmopolitan and will undoubtedly be a leading literary success."

Well the years roll on. I write a second novel Torch For a Dark Journey which has a fine critical reception in the U.S. and Europe but is largely ignored in Canada. And now a third novel The Sixth of June pops out of the typewriter. It seems sure of success with the public and critics alike. It is the August selection of the Book of the Month Club an immediate best seller from Gander to California. The movies have bought it (how luv!) and foreign publishers are outbidding one another crazily. And all the time I kept wondering: did I make the grade in Canada?

It seems I not only made the grade but am suddenly too bloody good. A curious strain ran through the principal reviews. "If there be fault here" writes the Globe and Mail "it may be resentment in a few minds that the novel is too slick, too well plotted too readable too ably and smoothly controlled." The Montreal Star wrote: "It is not Shapiro's fault that his novels have such surface gloss and appear to be written with so shrewd an eye on the market that one tends to dismiss them as all surface. They are better than that. The craftsmanship is sure."

In 1952 I wrote a drama for the stage again I had an experience that many previous of some value to Canadian dramatists who feel they must make good locally before moving out on the world stage. The play, The Bridge was selected for production by the famed Old Vic Company of Bristol England. Its critical reception by England's hard-string critics was widely reported in Canada. The Manchester Guardian wrote the morning after a wonderful first night: "Henry Shenk has found a new dramatist and the Bristol Old Vic Company presented his first play tonight at the Theatre Royal."

The Bridge by Lionel Shapiro. There has not been as good a theatrical examination since Sartre's *Les Mains Sales* of the conflict between personal and political loyalties in a world divided by beliefs hardened into hatreds. Mr. Shapiro in a fortunate beginner. He seems to have no trouble with construction every scene ringing with theatrical crackle. He not only deserved success tonight but had it thrust upon him by the excellence of the Bristol Old Vic players!"

A few weeks later I flew into London and consulted my agent. The news was good. Amalgamated Copenhagen had purchased the play for production. Offers were flowing in from England's famed repertory companies. Anything from Canada? I asked. The answer was no, not even an inquiry.

Let's turn to television which is both a wonderful market and experience for the developing writer. In early 1952 I did my first TV script, an hour long drama called The Twenty Third Mission. It was immediately accepted by NBC's Television Playhouse and scored as well that the CBC was finally compelled into buying a year's option for Canadian production. The following year I had the pleasure of seeing it done in London by BBC's superb live vision company and the critical reaction was far beyond my most expectations. The Daily Express critic called it one of the most taut and most unbelievably short plays of the season. The Sunday Times was extravagant indeed. Its critic Maurice Wiggin wrote: "It may seem farfetched to call a television producer a poet but the best of them do a poet's work. To be simply a technician is manifestly not enough. There are about half a dozen men who deploy both technical skill and creative imagination when they collaborate with good writers: they make possible a stay against confusion. Most of the TV work is the drama department. Lionel Shapiro is a good writer and a writer who believes in goodness which is much less common and much more important." The Twenty Third Mission was written especially for Armistice Day: a rush and even reckless venture which succeeded, so far as I was concerned, perfectly.

The point of this story is that, a year later, when I arrived back in Canada a CBC executive explained to me in a plaintive voice that the play had not been televised because no CBC producer cared for it sufficiently. There apparently is a grand panjandrum of drama in the CBC who was enjoying a purple mood that season and appealed to the bizarre, the supernatural, and lecherous Orientals. I concede him the right to like whatever he pleases but he must concede me the point that when one man controls TV playwriting in Canada it accentuates a terrible weakness in the system of government-owned TV.

This bleak and angry chronicle rises not out of a spirit of recrimination but in pursuit of high purpose. I have no need for mumbling over past disappointments for I am not blind to the fact that I am probably the luckiest three novel writer alive—lucky in the terrible game of jackpot lottery which every writer must play in this day of high pressure and mass media. Lucky in the tangle of circumstances that sent me abroad at a time when I was young enough to shake off the sense of timidity which paralyzes the creative arts in Canada. TV.

The purpose of this article is to emphasize that the most important thing in the life of a writer is what happens in those quiet contemplative hours when he or she is alone with a typewriter and a blank sheet of paper. It doesn't matter whether the writer is sitting in New York or Twobridge Wells or Regina what does matter is the magic of creation and this flows from the trifling of God that is in all of us.

In all of my journeyings into the far corners of the earth I have yet to meet a person who doesn't think it is a great thing to have been born and brought up a Canadian. There is no reason why this shouldn't apply to Canadians who work in the creative fields. Sometimes pride can be a form of courage and too much modesty only a form of cowardice. ★



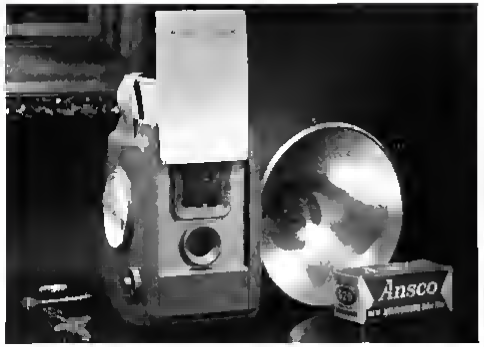
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The Gloomy Renegade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and some of Grey's friends. The only other Canadian at table was John A. Macdonald, but for a change that bottle-nosed fascinator didn't captivate the company. Ryerson as outshone Canada's future prime minister that Lord Grey, writing about the dinner afterward, described him as "a very superior man" and didn't mention Macdonald at all.

Ryerson took great pleasure in his acquaintance with members of the English nobility. They were seldom so tactless as to remind him that non-conformists, meaning any Protestants who didn't belong to the Church of England, were pretty indistinguished from the point of view of high society. In theory Ryerson didn't mind the low social standing that went with being a Methodist, but in practice he minded it more deeply. Once, when he was telling a noble friend about a preacher named Peter Jones who had invented a syllabic alphabet in which the Bible could be printed in Mohawk, His Lordship said it was a splendid thing to have done and expressed surprise that he'd never heard of the gifted Jones. Ryerson suggested with a touch of bitterness that this was probably because Jones was "only a Methodist," and was hurt when the nobleman agreed with him.

There was little grace and less charm in those early times in Upper Canada. What is now wealthy Ontario was then a poor place in men, women and sin. The few hundred thousand inhabitants were chiefly country folk who had to work an unbreakingly hard to make a living. Toronto was a dirty little town which could only be considered a city on the technical grounds that from 1834 onward it called itself one. Such roads as there were became quagmires of mud in rainy weather and choked travelers with clouds of dust when it was dry. The inns almost without exception were veritable pigsties in which people often had to sleep three and four to a bed unless they chose the relative privacy of sleeping alone on the filthy floor. Besides Toronto, the principal towns were Cobourg, seventy miles to the east on the main road to Montreal and Lower Canada, and Kingston, Cobourg and Kingston were prettier than Toronto but they were also even smaller and had fewer diversions. (Toronto with a population of less than ten thousand lied one theatre but a hundred pubs.) Industry hardly existed and the already overworked pioneers had to make most of the things they needed, from clothes to furniture. Not many Upper Canadians, new or old, were well enough educated to lead an intellectual life.

Ryerson, who was to do so much to bring light to this mental wilderness, was born in the spring of 1803 on a farm near what is now the village of Vittoria, not far inland from Lake Erie in Norfolk County. His father was a New Jersey man who had fought on the British side in the American Revolution and had come to Canada in 1789. When Ryerson was born his father was a half-pay pensioner farming a six hundred acre land grant. He had been made a colonel of militia, lived in a house with sixteen windows and a pillared front porch and turned purple at the slightest provocation.

Ryerson's mother was a devout Anglican—unlike the Colonel who simply considered it his duty as a gentleman to belong to the Church of England, just as it was his duty to honor the King and keep the lower classes in their place. The Colonel hated and feared the possibility that democratic ideas might spread north from the United States, and was particularly suspicious of Methodism which in these days in Canada was largely under American influence. Methodists were as a rule persons of the lower class (the age of wealthy ones like the Eatons and the Masseys was yet to come). They held the subversive idea that all men were created equal. Consequently when Ryerson came to his father one day in 1821 and said he was going to join them, the Colonel felt pretty much as a modern father would feel on being told his son was about to become a card-carrying Communist. In language as purple as his face he said the boy would have to choose between Methodism and continuing to live in his parents' house.

The morning after his father's stern edict Ryerson left home and went to be a student teacher at the district grammar school. Two years later he came back at the request of his father who needed help on the farm and thriftily forgave him rather than pay a hired man. When Ryerson was twenty one he left home again, this time for good to study law in Hamilton. Within six months he worked himself into an attack of brain fever and vowed that if he recovered he would enter the Methodist ministry.

Preaching by Candlelight

He preached his first sermon on Easter Sunday in 1825 at Beamsville on the Niagara peninsula. The congregation weren't much impressed by it but they found his appearance rather striking—as well they might, to judge from this description by one of them: "He was then perhaps twenty years of age, fat and boyish looking. Rather over than under the medium size — well proportioned — fair complexioned—with large speaking blue eyes—large nose — and then such a head! Large, full, well balanced, without any noticeable prominences, but embossed all over like a shield."

After Easter he settled down to the grind of circuit riding in southern Ontario. Churches were few in Upper Canada in the 1820s and circuit riders were traveling preachers who followed a laid-down route and held services wherever people gathered to hear them. Many years later an old woman told a friend she remembered young Ryerson preaching "in an out-of the way neighborhood in the township of South near the Twenty Mile Creek in a little dirty schoolhouse, illuminated by one single tallow candle near the preacher's person, upheld by being pinned to the wall with a pen knife." Ryerson loathed the squalor of these meeting places and the equally squalid farmhouses where he had to stay overnight. Yet soon after he became a preacher, when the Church of England offered him a good living because it was thought he'd make a useful convert, he refused and kept on riding circuit.

By the spring of 1826 it had become most unlikely that Ryerson would ever get such an offer again. Methodists and Anglicans got along harmoniously in England but in Canada it was very different. That spring John Strachan, the Archdeacon of York (it hadn't yet been renamed Toronto) preached a sermon in which he called Canadian Methodist ministers ignorant, self-important and disloyal, and said they were mostly Americans anyway. Ryerson wrote a twelve thousand word counterattack which he called a review of Strachan's sermon, signed it 'A Methodist Preacher" and sent it to William Lyon Mackenzie's weekly paper, the Colonial Advocate. Mackenzie's main editorial aim was to get rid of the Family Compact—a clique of Tories who held a barnacle-like grip on the government of Upper Canada and were determined to cling to power as long as possible. Since the Church of England was a strong supporter of established authority the Tories wanted the Anglican faith declared by law the state religion of Canada. Ryerson's attack on Strachan was thus an indirect attack on the Family Compact, and Mackenzie printed the whole twelve thousand words.

The effect was sensational. Religious controversy, preferably heated and full of Christian insults, was among the few pleasures of those early times in Canada and this was the hottest controversy the country had ever known. Anglicans were furiously indignant. Methodists were delighted, and showed it in outbursts of emotion like the reaction of the Reverend Anson Green and e friend when they got their copy of the Advocate. "We went into the field in the rear of the parsonage," Green wrote, "sat down by the fence and read the review. As we read we wept and speculated about the unknown author."

Ryerson's father also speculated about the author of the review and soon began to suspect from certain rumors he heard that it was his son. He sent for him to come home, took him out to the orchard and asked him point blank if he'd written it. When Ryerson admitted he lied, the old Colonel threw up his hands and cried in a hollow voice, 'My God, we are all ruined!'









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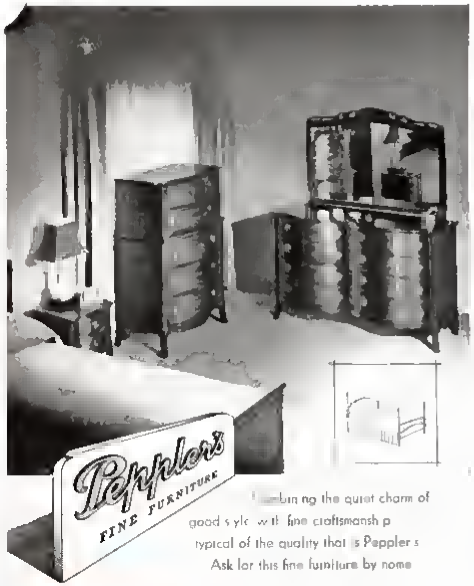
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They were l None of the family suffered anything, worse than a few scrubs Ryerson himself spent the next couple of years as a missionary among some singularly dirty Indians on the Credit River near Toronto but the Methodist elders had marked him for advancement. In 1828 they decided to have a weekly paper of their own... to spread the faith and correct the propaganda of the Tory weeklies It was called the Christian Guardian and Ryerson was chosen to be its first editor at a yearly salary of six hundred dollars —appreciably more than he'd been paid as a missionary

It was a welcome raise, because in 1828 he'd married pretty Hannah Aikman whom he met when he was studying law in Hamilton (He had been rejected by another girl from the country just outside Hamilton but hadn't been able to overcome his distaste for her habit of going barefoot.)

Ryerson now to it that the Guardian had plenty of pious exhortations, Sunday-school lessons and other goodly material But he also printed news stories about murders burglaries and the abduction of innocent young girls. There were notes on the latest failures in bonnets Readers could learn how to remove grease stains carry a hive of bees without getting all nature has given advice of stammering, and brew fine beer at home In those days Methodists were allowed to drink beer if they wanted to but were forbidden hard liquor and the home brewing instructions were most popular

The result was that in the first two years the Guardian's circulation climbed from four hundred and fifty a week to three thousand—a big lead over any other Canadian paper Soon the Guardian had a flourishing advertising section

Besides editing the paper Ryerson organized and ran a distributing centre for Methodist books imported from New York Later the centre did its own printing and became Canada's first book publishing house It is now operated by the United Church and is both the oldest and largest entirely Canadian publishing firm Its trademark is a small shield with a drawing of Ryerson's head He looks like a fairly girlish young actor made up as Samuel Pickwick and seems happy to be a publisher He wasn't The work of the book centre didn't appeal to him and he started it only under orders from presiding elders.

In 1833 they sent him to England on church business Among other things he was supposed to raise money for building a Methodist academy in Canada He also had to lobby at the colonial office against the Family Compact, which was still trying to make Anglicanism the state religion His fund-raising was poor and he got little more than a hundred pounds, but colonial office people were much impressed by his plump self confidence and obvious ability

He Called the Tories Tyrants

What impressed them they impressed him These superiors were their clothes with such an air and were so blandly reasonable The Methodist doctrine that dark's no good as his master began to appear a trifle unrealistic and when he got home he wrote a Guardian article to say he now believed the moderate Tories of England had the right political idea

This was badly received The few readers who agreed with his new views thought he shouldn't have written about them in a religious paper The majority were outraged because they thought he was implying that Methodists never whole had been won over too when in fact they were as anti-Tory as ever Canadian Tories by no means moderate didn't like him calling them lordlings in power, tyrants in politics and bigots in religion William Lyon Mackenzie who had hitherto coveted Ryerson as an unshrinkable brother radical dashed off an editorial comparing him to Benedict Arnold—the traitor of the American Revolution

Ryerson fully refused to budge from his unpopular stand and in 1845 he resigned from the Guardian

It was a distressing time for him His pretty young wife had died in 1832 leaving him with two small children In 1833 he had married again noting in his diary that he'd mentioned only after "many earnest prayers [illegible], and the advice of an elder brother," which hardly suggests a love match

Saddened by his troubles, Ryerson turned from editing to preaching and took over a church in Kingston No country had he settled there then he was sent to England again The plan to have a Methodist academy in Canada had run into difficulties mainly from lack of money Ryerson was told to ask the colonial office to authorize the government of Upper Canada to grant financial help and issue a charter A year and a half later he came home having got what he went for The academy had already been built at Cobourg on the Kingston Toronto road, and in June 1836 it was possible to start teaching at last.

Ryerson returned to Kingston to preach, but wasn't left undisturbed for long In 1838 he was again made editor of the Guardian, which now had to shape all fellow Methodists who had seceded from the Wesleyans and formed sects of their own as well as the Family Compact. Certain Tory editors at once sniped back by accusing Ryerson of disloyalty There was absolutely no truth in the accusation but it is the witch hunt that had followed the Mackenzie and Papineau rebellions of 1837 It was as easy to arouse fears of communism would be today Ryerson defended himself as violently the presiding elders ordered him to tear down He didn't like them and in 1840 when he found he couldn't endure any more interference he resigned from the Guardian

In the fall of 1841 he was appointed principal of the Methodist academy which by then was Victoria College Although he'd had little formal education and even less teaching experience he had definite ideas about how the place should be run So first he had been co-educational He didn't approve and sent the girls away He didn't approve of vacations either and announced that in future the college year would be twelve months, with no holidays except on Christmas and New Year's Day He recommended starting work at five in the morning, two and a half hours before the official beginning of classes The students didn't revolt On the contrary they took a liking to him Since he was a born administrator and had had put good curriculum ideas well—until Ryerson suddenly changed his political position again

Under the governor-generalship of Lord Sydenham (Upper Canada) Ryerson a moderate Tory ran was quite in order But in 1843 after Sydenham's death Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed governor general In Sir Charles' view Canadians were a great deal less deferential than they should be The advisory council of the legislative assembly resigned because he wouldn't take their advice on a couple of minor points. He was I bound to dismiss but the tumultuous of the council struck him as showing an alarming spirit of independence Then resigned in meant calling a general election Metcalfe clearly a most unmoderate Tory hoped the new assembly would have the decency to remember they were only Canadians and leave him to govern the country

With the election campaign coming up Ryerson rushed to offer his services Benevolent despot but full support When word of what he'd done reached Visitor College the student body split into pro-Ryersons and anti-Ryersons and there were a few fist fights. Late one night a mass seminar fight broke out (one boy had his skull fractured) between some students and a gang of young townsmen at the college gate The significance of these incidents wasn't lost on Ryerson His conversion to immoderate Toryism was being



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even less well received than his switch to the moderate kind had been.

At the start of the campaign the great majority of the voters appeared to be against the unspecified changes Metcalfe favored as candidates. Half way through it, rumors circulated that Metcalfe and Ryerson had made a deal. They had. If the election went as Metcalfe hoped Ryerson was to be made superintendent of education for what is now Ontario. If it didn't the deal was off.

To counteract the rumors Ryerson issued a dignified statement. "Mr. Ryerson," it said, "has not thought proper under present circumstances to accept the office of superintendent of education." This was the literal truth arranged to give the false impression that Ryerson's support of Metcalfe was disinterested. The impression reassured many voters and Metcalfe's men won the election.

One condition of the deal with Metcalfe had been that before Ryerson took over as superintendent he was to have a year's travel in Europe to study systems of education. About a week after the election he set out and his journal began in Holland and he kept a terse record of it in his diary. "No monitors," he wrote of a Dutch school. "Admirable construction of the seats. Excellent order of the children. Rod never used—shame the chief instrument of correction." In Paris he went one Sunday to the garden of the Tuileries palace. "A paradise of a place. . . . fountains, fish, statues. . . . amusements; but, alas! what profanation of the Sabbath!"

Home in Canada again, Ryerson wrote a report blueprinting a school system for Ontario. Until then the few common schools had taught little more than the three Rs, and the even fewer grammar schools had concentrated on Latin and Greek. The teachers had been paid an average of forty dollars a year, so it wasn't surprising that a survey made in 1851 by a man named Duncombe described them as "on the whole, transient persons of common ability" and said they were often "vulgar, low-bred, vicious and intemperate." Ryerson recommended that in future teachers should be trained in a special school and that the pupils should have lessons in grammar, geography, music and drawing besides the three Rs. He further recommended the study of chemistry, mechanics, agriculture, civics, bookkeeping and physiology. The report ended by urging that "no Constitutional Government establish and render effective a system of Public Instruction without the co-operation of the people themselves."

Since this was exactly the opposite of Metcalfe's principles of government, Ryerson had made another sudden political turn. The latest swerve had landed him back where he belonged by nature—slightly to the right of the middle of the road, and he soon showed he meant to stay there no matter how many buckbats were thrown at him.

In 1846 the editor of the Cobourg Christian Advocate had shocking news about Ryerson. (Ryerson was still nominally the principal of Victoria College, a title he held for many years, and the editor didn't like him.) "I am informed by a person from Toronto," the editor wrote, "that his *children* are attending A DANCING SCHOOL!!!" The editor added that when Ryerson was up before the Methodist conference to explain this ungodly lapse he "contended that it was *essential to health*" and that he "actually spoke of giving up preaching rather than restrain his children from DANCING!!!"

Two years later the Christian Messenger printed a solemn warning to its readers. "*Remember*," it said, "that Mr. Ryerson . . . sends his own daughter at a tender age to a Romish Catholic Nunnery, where the Bible is never taught." What he had in fact done was send his daughter to a convent school where he thought the child would get particularly good training in modesty and polite manners.

His colleagues were outraged but Ryerson went his own way regardless and worked with prodigious energy. Building up the Ontario school system would have been a full-time job for most men, but not for Ryerson. He was constantly up to his neck in some religious or political controversy carried on by letters written between half past four in the morning, when he got up, and half-past eight, when he had breakfast. He made several visits of Europe and spent ten hours a day buying pictures and sculpture for the schools and going to lectures. He was sent to England again and again on Methodist business, generally connected with the battle to keep the Church of England from getting too rich and powerful in Canada.

The Brains of the Compact

The chief Anglican champion was John Strachan, by now Bishop of Toronto. Ryerson had met him for the first time in 1842 on a journey from Toronto to Kingston. In an article written for the Christian Guardian Ryerson said later the coach was so crowded his legs were locked in with His Lordship's, but that he hadn't minded the enforced intimacy because he couldn't wish to meet "a more affable, agreeable man." Strachan was a Presbyterian turned Anglican. Ryerson an Anglican turned Methodist. Both were gifted businessmen. Neither was conspicuously gentle and unworldly. With so much in common they felt mutual liking and respect, only slightly dampened by mutual distrust.

For this there was considerable justification. Strachan was one of the shrewdest politicians in the country, and had been the brains of the Family Compact. Ryerson equally shrewd was perhaps rather more devious. In 1850, when Lord Elgin was governor-general, Ryerson went to England in the pious hope of undermining Strachan's influence at the colonial office. Elgin gave him a letter of introduction to the colonial secretary, Lord Grey. The letter was unsealed and described him among other flattering things as "a gentleman of great intelligence." But in a private dispatch that went by the same ship Elgin warned Grey that he was accused by many of being somewhat cunning, which is not altogether improbable.

In 1850 Ryerson was accused by many of something worse than cunning. At that time he kept some school funds on deposit with the Bank of Upper Canada, credited to him as superintendent. The bank didn't pay interest to the government on deposits of public money but did pay it to the official in whose name they were made. Ryerson had been getting three percent for several years and by 1850 it amounted to about three thousand dollars. That year John Langton, the new provincial auditor, ordered Ryerson to return the money. When this leaked out there was a widespread belief that he'd been caught stealing.

Ryerson repaid the money. But at the height of the scandal he had an unnerving and faintly grotesque experience of what it was like to be under a cloud. He went one night to a Methodist camp meeting where the faithful sang and prayed in the open air. He arrived at a moment of silence and everyone stared hard. To ease the awkwardness the preacher called for a hymn to be sung, giving the first number that came into his head. Unfortunately it was a wrong number and Ryerson was greeted by these tactless words:

> The dying thief rejoiced to see
> The fountains in his day
> And there may I, though vile as he
> Wash all my sins away!

At the beginning of the trouble Langton had written to his brother saying he wouldn't be surprised if Ryerson came out of it with flying colors. He was right. Ryerson was able to explain that his arrangement with the Bank of Upper Canada was entirely legitimate and in accordance with that bank's normal practice. He paid back the money Langton had asked for and the interest on it as well. However. Then he demanded and got a retroactive raise in salary, some expense money that had been disallowed and he wound up four hundred dollars richer than he would have been if he'd kept the interest.

He got to be distinctly popular and strengthened his already great influence among rural Methodist ministers by his readiness to preach guest sermons on request. This popularity was unexpectedly useful to him in his unending fight to keep the University of Toronto free of what he considered Anglican domination. In the early 1860s John A. Macdonald, who had an election coming up and was well aware of how Ryerson stood with his country brethren, made him an offer. John A. said that of course Ryerson couldn't properly do any actual campaigning for him, but that he might perhaps suggest to the rural preachers the desirability of supporting Macdonald's candidates. If he felt able to do that Macdonald, then prime minister of the Confederation Canada would see that certain key appointments to the university would be given to men Ryerson approved.

Ryerson did feel able to lend his influence on these terms and Macdonald's candidates won. John A. then kept his promise—with one exception. That was the appointment of a man named Buchan to be Bursar. Ryerson knew Buchan was opposed to all he stood for and his letter of reproach to Macdonald was like the outraged bellow of an elephant sinking into a quicksand he had taken for solid ground.

In 1870 he retired from the Ontario department of education. The provincial government paid him many compliments on the way he had built it up from scratch into one of the best elementary school systems in the world, but wasn't prepared to go on paying him his full salary in retirement. To nobody's astonishment except the government's, Ryerson soon managed to persuade them it was the least they could do and lift for England to achieve his crowning ambition. With the immense resources of the British Museum library to draw on he began to write a history of the Loyalists in America.

The book appeared in 1880. It was politely reviewed in the press, and Ryerson was happy in the belief that he had now made his literary mark.

In that belief he died in Toronto in the winter of 1882. It was characteristic that death took him by surprise. A lesser man would have realized after the last lingering weeks of pain and weakness that his end was near. Ryerson didn't. Full of confidence to the moment his heart finally stopped, he had no intention of being beaten by the Grim Reaper. ★





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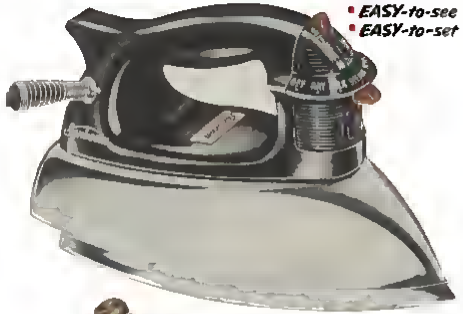
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How Joe Hirshhorn Hit the Uranium Jackpot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

when a European syndicate put up $57 600 000 for a heavy—but not controlling—interest in his biggest mining company, Algom. Reading like a Who's Who of international high finance, the syndicate was headed by Rio Tinto, an enormous British trust which is largely owned by the House of Rothschild. On the day he clinched the deal, turning to an aide, Hirshhorn whispered, "Imagine me a fifth Hebrew from Brooklyn getting all that dough from the Rothschilds!"

At some times Hirshhorn's feats amaze even Hirshhorn. At others they seem only logical to him. "Take Rubinstein," he said recently, meaning Artur not Serge. "He's got two thousand tunes in his noodle. So he sits down at a piano and plays one. It's beautiful. But why not? The guy's been at it since he was five."

Hirshhorn began playing the stock market at the age of fourteen when to help support a widowed mother he became an office boy on Wall Street. As a boy broker he won and lost a fortune at nineteen and became a millionaire plus before his thirtieth birthday—in all years 1929.

In 1932 he came to Toronto opened an office and began prospecting mines. Ever since he has been commuting between Bay and Wall Streets cutting a dashing, colorful figure on both.

Hirshhorn usually spends week ends with his attractive second wife, Lily, and two adopted daughters in their luxurious apartment on New York's Central Park West. (He has three grown daughters and a son by a previous marriage terminated ten years ago by divorce.) Early Monday morning his chauffeur drops him off at 145 Broadway, near Wall. There in an office adorned with abstract paintings, African primitives and bronze busts of T. S. Eliot, Somerset Maugham and himself—from his art collection valued at a million and a half dollars—he busies himself with local matters. At night he flies to Toronto where he maintains an $850 a month suite in the King Edward Hotel.

Always in a hurry, Hirshhorn often starts the day with 7 a.m. breakfast appointments. Then natti[illegible] dressed in a $250 black suit, ruffled shirt and clip on bow tie, smoking his first of twenty daily cigars, he rushes down King Street to the towering Bank of Nova Scotia Building.

Fifteen Meetings in a Day

As in every other place he alights, Hirshhorn's office, Suite 1823, is filled with antique furniture and modernistic paintings. Amid a dozen abstracts appears the classic face of Abe Lincoln looking vastly out of place.

At 8 a.m. says an aide, J. H. comes into the office "and explodes." For the next nine hours he is everywhere talking to New York, Miami and Montreal at the same time, issuing fifty buy or sell orders involving half a million dollars, to his brokers pondering over maps or wolfing down soup and crackers at his desk in order to cram in annual meetings of three Hirshhorn companies that afternoon. A reporter for the Northern Miner once saw him at fifteen such annual meetings in four hours.

At work Joe Hirshhorn does things J. P. Morgan never did. He phones a friend, announces himself as "the rabbi" and sings "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Too hot, he simply removes his coat, shirt and shoes. Elated, he dances a jig. "You'd think he was taking dope," says Frank Joubin, "if he didn't act that way all the time."

But there is a method in it. "It's my way of relaxing," Hirshhorn says. "If I didn't I'd have ulcers like the rest of Bay Street."

For all the therapeutic horseplay, Hirshhorn thrives on hard work. So do his employees. He once presented a thousand-dollar bill to a man he saw working overtime three nights in a row. When he leaves the office, around 5:30 p.m., Hirshhorn goes to his hotel, relaxes with a Scotch or two (neat), eats a big dinner and then gets busy again. A late night conference with one of his Toronto lawyers, Senator Salter Hayden, may be interrupted by a phone call from his Washington attorney, former U.S. secretary of state Dean Acheson. "Even if he is up till 2 a.m., before dozing off he reads market averages in the New York Times and studies the daily stock fluctuations that his statistician, Bill Snead, has charted for him. "It's my research," Hirshhorn says. "When it comes to the market I'm like a scientist."

Another comparison is made by B. H. Pooler, a Toronto broker. "Hirshhorn is like a juggler juggling seven balls at once," he says. "He never takes his eye off a thing, never misses a trick."

Hirshhorn has much to juggle. Through his Technical Mine Consultants Ltd. he controls about fifty Canadian companies that produce—or hope to produce—gold, uranium, iron ore, copper, silver, zinc, lead, lithium, columbium, oil and gas in every part of the nation except Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. Through a maze of American firms he also has mining and real-estate holdings in Africa, British Guiana, the Philippines and the U.S. So extensive are Hirshhorn's interests that when he was asked recently to list them he confessed he couldn't. "But just mention one small outfit," says Bill Snead, his statistician, and J. H. can tell you how much it spent last year on research."

However great his wealth, Hirshhorn is no "shucks-it-weren't-nothing" man nor one to spout homely maxims about the path to success. "I've come a long way," he says, "and it hasn't been easy." He acknowledges that he has made enemies as well as money along the way. "There've always been guys wishing I'd break a leg or drop dead. Anything I've got I've had to fight for ever since I was a kid."

Joe Hirshhorn can't remember his father, Leon, a merchant of Libau, Latvia, who died when Joe was a baby. But from what he has since learned he thinks the man was "a schlemiel—a nice guy, but not too smart." He reverses the memory of his mother, Amelia, who died twelve years ago at the age of eighty-three. He remembers that when he was six the second youngest of two children, she brought them all to America, found rooms in a



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"In the market Hirshhorn's a scientist, but he makes enemies as well as money"



SCOTLAND FIRST— OR ENGLAND?

Because there is a distinct similarity of design between the early Scotch spoons and those of England, there has been doubt as to where these patterns originated. Scholars revealed that certain basic designs first began in Scotland, were modified in England and returned to Scotland again where the art flourished for centuries in many small burghs.

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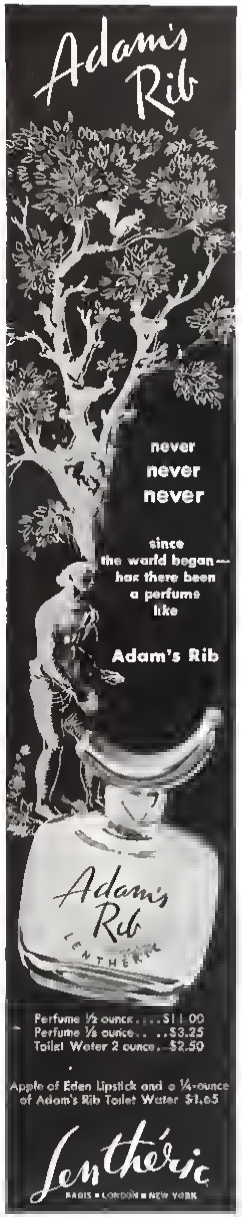
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steely Brooklyn tenement and got a job in a factory. Amelia worked twelve hours a day, six days a week, for twelve dollars. Hirshhorn speaks of poverty. "We never drank real milk," he says. "My mother fended for a family of nine on skimmed milk and water diluted to stretch to three quarts. So I used to walk two miles on Saturdays to a store that sold a three-cent can to quarter-a-pound cheaper than around our place. Joe grew up with hungry legs."

At the age of nine he sold newspapers on street corners. He remembers that he was always the smallest boy in his class at school and that he took a drubbing for it. "Often he had to fight bigger kids in the schoolyard."

His first trip out of Flatbush was a visit by the seventh grade to Staten Island. En route they walked down Broad Street, got off Wall Street at the old New York Curb Market. Joe never got to the island. He hung behind all day excited by the hundreds of men milling around on the street and sidewalk, hawking what he now knows were over-the-counter stocks which others bought from the lower windows or both sides of the street, yelling into telephones and flashing signals to the street below. Hirshhorn says he decided then that somedry he'd come back there to work.

Two years later he did. At fourteen he quit school and landed a job on Wall Street as an office boy by declaring falsely that he could work a telephone switchboard. Told to report back two days later he went next day to a telephone company and learned how. "As an office boy I didn't walk fast," says Hirshhorn. "I ran."

The Boy Broker Went Broke

When not running he pestered his broker employer with questions about options, margin and stop losses. Finally the boss sent him to his brother-in-law Richard D. Whyckoff, owner of the Magazine of Wall Street. Whyckoff gave him a job charting stock averages on the curb for six dollars a week. He picked up another twelve running tickertapes from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. He ran so hard that he blistered his feet. Hirshhorn says that he never went to collect his last pay, but the other messenger boys, who called him "Bundy" legged Joe, should laugh at him for quitting. To make up the loss he drew stock charts in his spare time for an old Wall Street firm, Cyrus J. Lawrence and Sons. Even after Hirshhorn had made his first million dollars a decade or so later, he kept on charting stocks for the Lawrence firm as a favor. "They were kind to me," he says now. "I was the first Hebrew ever employed there."

Early in 1917 he quit the magazine. His salary had risen to fifty dollars a week—but Whyckoff to put up $250 credit for him with a brokerage house, and broke into the world of Bernard Baruch, Morgan the Police brothers, W. C. Durant, the DuPonts and Rockefellers. In two weeks, speculating on stocks he had been watching and charting for three years, he doubled his money. By October 1918 Hirshhorn at nineteen had $168,000. He was gaily riding a bull market when in November the Armistice shattered it. He salvaged only four thousand.

At this point Patrick F. Cusick, a member of the New York Curb, took Hirshhorn into partnership while the latter still needed a lawyer to sign his documents. "That kid," says Cusick, "was just a blur, going full well all the time. He knew the market inside out. He had ambition and good judgment. Cusick should have relied on it more. Hirshhorn feels today. "If he'd listened to me," he has said, "we'd have owned half of America!"



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With Cusick Hirshhorn prospered. He built his mother a home and made her quit work. In 1922 he married a Brooklyn girl, Jennie Brennan, moved to the Bronx, opened his own brokerage firm and became even more of a Wall Streeter. One of his friends in those days was George Cawtry, a gangling Irishman who now runs Hirshhorn's New York office. "Joe had a lot of rough edges," he recalls. "He certainly wasn't any Andover boy but he was always the life of the party, clowning all the time."

"Through the Twenties, the era of beautiful nonsense for Wall Street and most of America, Hirshhorn piled up winnings. On March 27, 1929, he applied to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, the world's largest and most exclusive securities market. But he didn't get it. Exchange records show that the sixteen members who voted on his application turned it down by a huge majority. Hirshhorn denies this emphatically. His version is that on second thought, he voluntarily withdrew his bid.

In any event, not getting a seat on the exchange was for Hirshhorn like missing the Titanic. The crash of October 1929 found Hirshhorn who had liquidated almost all his assets in August happily counting his first second third and fourth million dollars. Moreover, the value of the stock exchange seat he had planned to buy fell from almost six hundred thousand dollars to less than thirty thousand in about three years.

Hirshhorn who claims he sensed the crash says his best moment in business was making that first million. The worst moment, he adds, was losing one of his mill ons two years later when banks were failing steadily, things were tough all over. Casting about for new fields, he beheld Canada and the glittering chances there for a man of resources and imagination."

He opened an office in Toronto in 1931. "I brought lots of money with me," he says. "I was no carpetbagger." His name was no sooner on the door than two prospectors, Fred MacLeod and Arthur Cockshutt, knocked on it. They were selling units in a syndicate that was trying to bring a promising-looking, gold property into production. Hirshhorn paid out seventeen hundred dollars. The MacLeod-Cockshutt mine in Ontario's Little Long Lac district, later yielded him two hundred thousand.

Then as now Hirshhorn was a fast workman. One morning he undertook to raise money for a mine. By noon he had talked a Toronto man into putting up fifty thousand dollars. He phoned his client the news. "That was quick work," said he.

"What do you mean quick?" cried the client. "I had to spend an hour with that guy!"

On Nov. 19, 1933 in the Northern Miner—one of Bay Street's bibles—Hirshhorn placed a full-page advertisement headed "My Name is Opportunity and I am Pagug, Canada." His friends are/are not a great document comparing favorably with the Magna Charta. Certainly an extraordinary one it said in part.

> Canada, your day has come. The world is at your feet begging you to release your riches trampled in Mother Earth. You have the courage. You have the energy, enthusiasm, and the will to carry on! The





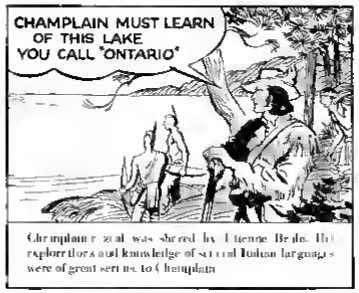
Champlain was eager to explore the new land. He spent much time seeking the financial support of French noblemen and merchants.



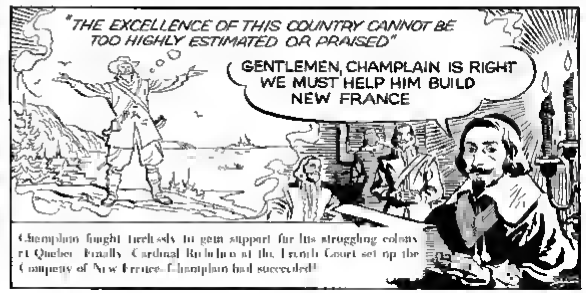
In 1608 his third trip to Canada, Champlain builds on the site of Quebec. The founding of a great city!



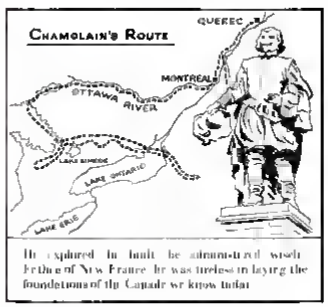
Guided by the friendly Hurons, Champlain in 1615 makes his way from Quebec up the Ottawa River to Georgian Bay. His enthusiasm for the country grows.



Champlain's zeal was shared by Etienne Brûlé. His explorations and knowledge of several Indian languages were of great service to Champlain.



Champlain fought tirelessly to gain support for his struggling colony at Quebec. Finally Cardinal Richelieu of the French Court set up the Company of New France. Champlain had succeeded!



He explored, built, he administered, with Brûlé and New France he was tireless in laying the foundations of the Canada we know today.

Champlain depended on the support of patrons in the Lake du Monts, Montmorency, de Caen. These men understood the value of his work and were proud to invest slops, equipment, supplies and money to help Champlain make the promise of a new land come true.

They were his partners in helping Canada grow.

Today the banks and lending institutions of Canada are partners to men of initiative and ambition. And you have a share in this nation-building partnership.

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end will surely justify the effort and you will be repaid amply. Carry on until the pick strikes the hard firm yellow metal until the cry of Gold resounds through the virgin forests. Go forward, then, with light shining in your eyes with firm step with courageous resolution with determination with the will to do and fight until you win. And as for us we believe to the extent that we have investments in gold mining and other industries in the Dominion and shall continue to do so.

It was signed "J. H. Hirshhorn and Co. Ltd., Investment Brokers."

October that year—Tashota Gold Mother Earth picked Hirshhorn for four hundred thousand. Plunging on with courageous resolution he bought into Gunnar Gold an investment that he says netted him a million dollars, and in a manner that intrigued the Ontario Securities Commission watchdog of Bay Street practices.

Hirshhorn was one of Gunnar's original financiers along with Charles LaBine and his brother Gilbert. Canada's first uranium king. For his initial investment of about fifty thousand dollars Hirshhorn got 598,000 "vendor's" shares in the company, though the LaBines kept control. Gunnar went on the Toronto Stock Exchange at fifty-five cents, climbed steadily through 1934 until in August it hit $2.50. Then slowly it slipped. On Oct. 31 it opened at $1.43. By noon it had dropped to ninety-four cents. Bay Street buzzed with rumors of manipulation or raiding, and Gilbert LaBine, Gunnar's president, asked the Ontario government to investigate his own company.

After a long hearing, the late J. M. Godfrey, then securities commissioner, absolved the LaBines and concluded that the stock had been manipulated "with very great skill" by Hirshhorn. By selling shares with one hand and buying them back with the other, he said, Hirshhorn had made it seem on the ticker tape that there was something doing in Gunnar, thus creating an artificial demand—and price—for Gunnar stock.

In a published report Godfrey said Hirshhorn had been able to dispose of some of his interests at $2.48, which might be considered a profitable transaction in view of the fact that (they) had cost him originally about eight cents." He estimated that the loss of value in Gunnar stock on the morning of Oct. 31 amounted to $1,127,000.

While terming the action a manipulation, Godfrey conceded that it was a perfectly legal one since the laws against fraud forbade *conspiring* to manipulate and Hirshhorn had evidently told no one what he was up to. A man cannot conspire with himself.

Recalling this now Hirshhorn seethes. "It was a frame-up," he says. "They tried to hang me." By his account he returned from a trip abroad in 1934, found to his chagrin that Gunnar was slipping and so sold out to avoid more losses. Others he says, rended the stock he didn't monkey with it.

A few days after the Godfrey report Ottawa concluded that Hirshhorn was no longer what he had claimed to be a non-immigrant visiting the country for casual business or pleasure but an American citizen earning most of his bread in Canada. He was ordered deported. Hirshhorn appealed was reclassified two months later as a landed immigrant making his home here, and was permitted to remain.

Too Smart for the Sharpies

Hirshhorn's reputation as a backer of long shots soared again in 1936 after a geologist named Doug Wright whispered a tip in his ear. At that time Preston East Dome, an idle reputedly goldless gold mine in the Porcupine district of northern Ontario, had been trading at less than ten cents on the Toronto Stock Exchange. When Hirshhorn began buying control of it in 1936 the Bay Street rumor was that he was acquiring a real dog—or big nothing. As Preston's shares went up some of Bay Street's more sensitive stockmongers sniffed the aroma of easy money. Suspecting a manipulation they gleefully sold short. That is, they sold Preston stock they didn't own, certain that when the manipulation stopped the stock would fall and they could grab shares they had been ordered to buy—a dollar for bargain prices of fifty cents. Hirshhorn kept on buying. Instead of falling, Preston shot up and up past two dollars. Geologist Wright had *really* hit gold and the short sellers were caught. They had to make good their losses, many of them to their intended victim Hirshhorn himself.

William Banack, a Toronto lawyer who is president of Preston East Dome, remembers the Hirshhorn of 1936 as a rough, tough little man who was on the go all the time, always hurling. More conservative operators found him too aggressive. "Izzy" says Banack, "was just too smart for a lot of the sharpies. Today they don't like him."

In Hirshhorn's book this is rank understatement. "Many guys around here," he says, "would cut my throat for free. When I came up here they said I was a hit-and-run man, a fast buck guy. I was the little Hebe from New York City and I've taken a lot of abuse."

Hirshhorn has few intimates say has always been hypersensitive to slights, especially where they concern his religion. Once in the Thirties his family was turned away from a resort hotel in the Poconos Mountains of Pennsylvania. Furious, that very day Hirshhorn bought four hundred wooded acres nearby. On it he built a $160,000 castle and ordered that no Jew ever enter.

I was the only Jew for twenty-five miles around," he says now. "And the neighbors shunned me." One Christmas Hirshhorn decorated two fir trees in front of his home. Both were sawed down by the neighbors, as were the signs that said Private Road. "I got the most money in the local fire department," he says, "and put up prizes for the school kids. But I just couldn't reach those people. Presently I gave up trying, sold the house and moved away."

Between the lines of his Preston East Dome prognostications fabulous Blind River uranium find of 1953 Hirshhorn's interests ranged far afield to Africa, South America and the Philippines. He promoted mines, with some success and some failures. He won a million on the stock market. (He likes an expert. Speculation is the most sensitive art there is, but the only treats it like a tooth to which I. But he was still looking for another bonanza. He was one of the first to tour the postwar hunt for uranium in Canada. In 1950 he teamed up with Paul V. McNutt, former governor of Indiana and War Manpower running-mate in the Roosevelt administration and Jacob Markel, one-time U.S. ambassador to Denmark, in a promotion called American-Canadian Uranium, which held certain claims in Saskatchewan. When American-Canadian stock went on sale, New York State's attorney general, Nathaniel Goldman, publicly advised would-be investors that Hirshhorn had twice been reprimanded and fined for violating Canada's foreign exchange laws (in 1940 for selling securities and returning to take fifteen thousand dollars out of the country, both without licenses from the Foreign Exchange Control Board. His fines totaled eighty-two hundred dollars).

In Saskatchewan Hirshhorn's record became a political issue after it was revealed by Goldman. There, in the 1954 session of the legislature Liberal Alex Lamont demanded: How did it happen that Saskatchewan permitted these vultures to run roughshod over the rights of these ratepayers?" But during the 1955 session Hirshhorn was defended by Premier T. C. Douglas. What is Hirshhorn gets a $207 million contract with the Canadian government to develop uranium in Ontario, he is a first-class free enterprise. The Liberal Party is not calling him a fraudulent racketeer now. He was just a fraudulent racketeer when they thought that he might come into Saskatchewan and help develop our industries."

What had happened between times was that Hirshhorn after years of trying came up with the big bonanza, Blind River. It all began in 1950 when Hirshhorn met Irving Jarkun, a scholarly inspector-turned-geologist of thirty-eight who had no office in the same building. One day in a rush for a geological report on one of his mines, Hirshhorn scouted into Jarkun's office. "I want a report. Have you got it?" It's a deal. Shake. Shmo." Then he was gone.

After that Jarkun did more jobs for Hirshhorn. He found two small but profitable uranium mines and was hired in 1952 to run Technical Mine Consultants.

For several years Jarkun had been nagged by the notion that Ontario's well-prospected Algoma district was hiding uranium. He was prowling the bush around Blind River a seasonal lumbering town midway between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie once when his Geiger counter clicked madly. But to his dismay an outpost from the surface revealed only feeble traces of uranium. Like other prospectors before him Jarkun felt at first that uranium, if any, might be missing by a finger's fuss. He tried to enlist the aid of a dozen mining companies in Canada and the United States. All turned him down. Blind River they said just didn't have the right geology for uranium.

Then on a hunch Jarkun analyzed his old samples for uranium alone. They contained barely any. If there were little reason to try in the surface area Jarkun reasoned it must have been leached away by the wear and tear of time, a process that can occur in uranium, but not thorium. So there *had* to be uranium deeper down.

He took his theory to Hirshhorn. Where all others had turned Jarkun down flat, Hirshhorn quickly came up with the thirty thousand dollars he needed to take out core samples. Of fifty six-drill holes, fifty hit pay dirt.

The events that followed were almost as secretive as the Manhattan Project. Working quickly Hirshhorn sat down with William Banack president of Preston East Dome which Hirshhorn controlled. In return for a 50-50 split with Technical Mine Consultants, Banack put up Preston mining and men to stake out claims at Blind River. In effect Hirshhorn drew up a bonanza deal with Hirshhorn.



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Then since the area to be staked lay perilously close to both the Trans-Canada Highway and a CPR line they organized what has become known as "the back door staking bee." From South Porcupine two hundred and fifty miles from Blind River portions planes carrying seventy five prospectors geologists and even lawyers took off friendly to the north then swung northwest toward Algoma. For six weeks not told where they were the stakers followed their Geiger-counting in vast Z-shaped path that snaked for a hundred miles through the bush.

If Hirshhorn was worried that word would leak out it didn't show. In Toronto flitting from office to office and phone to phone he kept up his normally abnormal pace. "Joe always acts like he's in the middle of a hot staking bee," says Franc Joubin.

On July 11 the staking done four lawyers who had been in on the bee strode into nine recorders' offices in widely separated parts of Ontario and plunked down fourteen hundred claims covering an area of almost sixty five thousand acres. Under the collective nose of Bay Street where secrets are hard to keep Hirshhorn and Joubin had scored an amazing beat.

They split the credit. Hirshhorn says of Joubin "Franc—he knows his rock." Joubin, now a millionaire himself, says "What Joe says in finance goes with me. He's got a brain like an adding machine."

It worked especially well when the Rio Tinto syndicate—headed by the Earl of Bessborough a former Canadian governor-general—wanted in. "They came to me," Hirshhorn says with satisfaction. "I didn't have to go running to them."

For almost four months negotiations went on on both sides of the Atlantic, Duncan Derry a Rio Tinto official recalls. There was a big contrast between the reserved Englishmen at one end of the table and little Joe at the other. Pleased little Joe danced jigs or sang into the telephone. Displeased, he used words the British hadn't heard before. But in the end he had someone else's money to finance his mines without losing control of it.

Hirshhorn estimates that his Algom and Pronto holdings, coupled with many other Blind River claims split among his many other companies, will net him more than thirty million dollars. "I'm just sitting on eggs," he says "waiting for them to hatch."

But such good fortune Hirshhorn has found is not without its peculiar price. "Ever since Blind River," he complains, "people've been hugging me for money." He doesn't refer to bona fide charities or worthy institutions. To these, Hirshhorn is generous. This year among other donations he has put up fifty thousand dollars to educate social workers from foreign lands at Columbia University, given ten thousand to Manhattan College and handed Blind River's hospital a new operating room.

Those who bother him are the hundreds of cheeky strangers who write, phone and visit him with their hands out. "One guy," says Hirshhorn, "asked me to give him two million bucks. He was broke and wanted to build his wife a home—on the Riviera yet!"

Hirshhorn sees his wealth as a public responsibility. "After a guy has a couple of million dollars he's a bum to want more," he says. "You can only eat three meals a day. I tried four and got sick. I got maybe twenty suits but I can just wear one at a time and I can't use more than two shirts a day.

This being so Hirshhorn says he feels an obligation to put the surplus to good use. At first he intended to set up an educational foundation. "I never had much education," he says. "People say to me 'What the hell you've done okay.' Sure, but I might of done better." For this reason he insisted that the four children of his first marriage go to college. "I used to tell them 'People can take your money away but they can't steal what's in your noodle.'"

Recently however his plans have changed. Hirshhorn now says he wants to set up a foundation within a year to provide free mental hygiene for children in Canada and the United States. (Close friends say he is thinking in terms of a fifty million dollar trust, including all his Algom stock.) "Many young kids lack a sense of balance," Hirshhorn says. "We'll have better people if they understand what makes them tick. Psychiatry and analysis has done a lot for me. I'm grateful."

A Backwoods Dream Town

Another ambitious Hirshhorn plan is to build near Blind River "the world's most beautiful small town," chiefly to accommodate the families of Pronto mine workers. This, he hopes, will be the crowning achievement of his life of which his grandchildren may well say "Hey! The old guy really did something!"

Located on an evergreen rise overlooking the north channel of Lake Huron three miles from Hirshhorn's magnificent summer home at Bootleggers Bay the dream town is thus far only a large parcel of real estate—his—and a gleaming silver-and-black model the work of Philip C. Johnson director of the department of architecture at the New York Museum of Modern Art and of John B. Parkin Associates a Toronto firm.

What Hirshhorn wants it to be is a thirty five million dollar backwoods metropolis (hoped-for population 25,000) of contemporary homes and apartment buildings wide streets forest parks a shopping centre daily newspaper schools and even a concert hall. So that it will not be a company town Hirshhorn wants all homes and stores to be privately owned and he intends inviting in several light manufacturers to balance its economy. To launch it Hirshhorn plans spending about two million readying parks, roads sewage and water systems. "I'm not going to make a nickel on this deal," he says. "I just want Canada to have one town that's laid out from an aesthetic standpoint."

For the aesthetic effect Hirshhorn's town to be named Hirshhorn On-tario will fan about an Italian piazza-like square featuring a glittering glass marble and chrome office building and stable statues by Henry Moore and Sir Jacob Epstein and a million-dollar art centre the personal gift of Hirshhorn the man to Hirshhorn the model town.

To this art centre Hirshhorn will give many of his eight hundred-odd paintings and pieces of sculpture, most of them shockingly modern. "Maybe the miners won't appreciate it," he says, "but their kids will grow up with a feeling for great art."

Art is Hirshhorn's passion, apart from work. His private collection now estimated to be worth a million and a half, began with etchings in the Twenties, progressed to French traditionals and today the critics say includes many of the best, worst and most controversial of the moderns. So hipped is Hirshhorn on his art that he sometimes steals away from business meetings to visit galleries, searching for works that "sing," "have intellect" or make him "feel weak." In one notably weak day in 1941 he bought sixty-five paintings by Milton Avery an American modernist. At an exhibit a few years later he bought a canvas by Lily Harmon and was introduced to the artist, a dark striking New York girl twenty years his junior. They were married in 1945. "It was cheaper to marry her," Hirshhorn jokes, "than to keep on buying her paintings."

Good paintings, Hirshhorn avers, are sound investments. "They keep on giving." The ideas behind his projected model town and the mental health foundation are somewhat similar. "I've taken a lot," he says. "Now I want to give something back to the people." On a less humble note he has also said "Canada has been good to me. But then I've been good to Canada."

If the town and the foundation sound like a man preparing his own monument, it should not be concluded that Joe Hirshhorn means to let up. He once tried to. In 1934 soon after coming to Canada, he collapsed in his Toronto office from complete exhaustion. On his doctor's advice he retired, moved to Miami Beach Fla., and lay around doing nothing for four months. "It was awful," he says. Just for kicks to get the feel of business again he bought a nearby chunk of real estate for sixty five hundred dollars and a short time later resold it for eighty-four thousand.

"I just couldn't retire to a park bench and become a philosopher," Hirshhorn says today. "I'd go nuts. I gotta keep going."

Many wonder what keeps Hirshhorn going. Some feel that he is propelled by the basest of human motives, a burning desire to corner the market on money. Others suspect that he is trying to prove something, just what they're not quite sure. Hirshhorn scoffs at both theories. "With me," he says, "making money is just a game. I get a bang out of it."

Whatever the reason, since Blind River he has been going as fast as ever his mind racing with grand schemes. Not long ago an acquaintance congratulated him on the big Rio Tinto deal. Joe Hirshhorn took another drag on his stogie and winked through the smoke at his friend. "Ahhhh," he said with an audible sigh. "You ain't seen nothin' yet!" ★



"What you say about Smith and Smith may be true Miss Bixby but I still wish this letter addressed to them as 'Gentlemen'"

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

"moratorium" resolution putting off the China question to some later date—but this will probably be the last time such a vote is cast. Before the issue comes before the UN Assembly again Ottawa hopes to have made its real opinion clear.

CANADA'S CHANGING attitude toward China was one piece of good news for Pearson to take to the Colombo Plan conference in Singapore. On his previous trip east in 1950 to the original Colombo conference that launched the capital assistance plan, India's Prime Minister Nehru and other Asian statesmen persuaded him the step was urgently necessary. It was pleasant to be able to report that their advice is beginning to bear fruit.

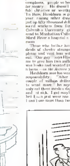
But a more important piece of good news for the Singapore conference was the intimation of a substantial increase in Canada's contribution to the Colombo Plan. No new over-all figure is to be mentioned but Canada will in fact undertake new projects and absorb unexpected increases in the cost of some old ones. Altogether these additions may amount to several million dollars over and above the gift of a nuclear reactor to India which will represent an extra two and a half million a year for the next three years.

Enlargement of the Canadian Colombo program is a belated triumph for External Affairs over Finance. A year ago when the Colombo Plan council met in Ottawa External wanted to raise Canada's share by ten million or

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It isn't the dash to the phone
And isn't the way that I hang up
The only two that I owe
To get there and find they have hung up

It isn't the waist or my feet—
The ROUGH part (I'll make it emphatic)
Is knowing the rap won't repeat
Until I am back in the attic!

HAL CHADWICK

so Walter Harris, who had just taken over Finance, didn't agree. For one thing he wanted to cut expenditures and taxes; for another he didn't think the increase would make any significant difference to Asia. As he saw it, Canada's twenty-five million dollar program was a token at best, a worthy gesture of friendship but the merest drop in the ocean of Asia's economic problem. Even if it were raised to fifty million or one hundred million it would still be just that. Harris argued, why not leave it at twenty-five million?

Luckily for External, side of the argument, some Canadian cabinet ministers had been traveling in the Far East and making somewhat overenthusiastic speeches there. Jimmy Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, probably did most to stir Asian expectations, but even the more cautious words of Prime Minister St. Laurent himself left behind an impression that Canada would offer more help. Barnes in particular on a newcomer to the Colombo Plan, came to Ottawa zooming on Canadian help. Unless the twenty-five million dollar program were increased, Barnes could only be brought in by cutting the amounts already allotted to India and Pakistan and Ceylon—which was the precise opposite of what these countries had been led to expect.

Where Should the Money Go?

On the other hand, even the warmest advocates of the increase admitted they were not ready to spend ten million on new projects in 1954. Canadian machine and steel money would be needed to survey the various proposals and draw up detailed plans and specifications. So the compromise of 1954 was to raise the Canadian share by one million, not enough for any new projects but enough to plan some.

This year, therefore, the case for a larger Colombo Plan budget was much stronger than it was last year. However for two quite different reasons there was still very strong opposition to it.

One was the simple and permanent fact that Ministers with domestic responsibilities would rather spend money at home than abroad. If the 1955 boom brings extra money to the Treasury, if we don't have a deficit after all, they can think of all kinds of popular uses for such windfalls—all the way from new fish-packing plants in Newfoundland to the South Saskatchewan Dam.

Personal reasons like these invite sympathy for this point of view. He has to be elected like everybody else and he could use more money in Algoma East just as readily as Jack Pickering could use it in Bonavista-Twillingate. But like all foreign ministers he is kept in daily awareness of the political problem abroad as well as at home—the growing intensity of the political struggle between the communist world and the free world as the threat of a military struggle recedes. Pearson, again like all foreign ministers in the wealthier democracies, would like to match every reduction in military cost with an increase, at least half as large, in economic aid to countries whose needs are desperate.

In spite of domestic temptations, his colleagues go along with this view more readily than their opposite numbers in some other commonwealth countries. Pearson sometimes finds himself the object of considerable envy at international gatherings because of the amount of support he gets in cabinet. But in this case the suggested increase in the Colombo Plan vote met another obstacle created by the Colombo Plan itself.

Pakistan's Warsak Dam large hydro-electric power development is one of the big items in Canada's capital assistance program. According to original estimates the dollar cost of Warsak was to have been about twenty-six million dollars, of which Canada would contribute the larger share by donating all the generating equipment. The rest of the dollar costs and all of the rupee costs amounting to the equivalent of twenty four million, were to be borne by Pakistan.

Two changes have taken place in this arrangement. First, the dollar costs have had to be increased by about eleven million and the rupee costs cut in half. Second the Pakistan government confessed last year that it could not put up its agreed share of the dollar costs anyway. Canada had to choose between assuming the whole of the dollar expenditure or abandoning a huge project already well under way.

Canada is putting up the money but not without some irritation and misgiving. It won't cost the Canadian taxpayer any more in the end for the extra money diverted to the Warsak Dam would otherwise have gone to other projects which now will not be started. But Pakistan's failure to carry out its undertakings made a poor impression on the Canadian cabinet ministers who must approve such item of Colombo Plan expenditure.

In the circumstances it was probably a considerable achievement to put through the gift of a nuclear reactor to India. This may cost as much as eight million dollars over a three year period and some all Asian scientists will have the right to use its facilities. It can be considered as not to the whole subcontinent not to India alone. At about two and a half million dollars a year it represents a ten percent boost in the Canadian program of assistance to South and Southeast Asia.

But Canada will in fact go even further. Somewhat reluctantly and not without some nervousness about political reaction at home the government has decided that useful Canada projects in such countries as Burma and Indonesia should get Canadian help and that such help must not be subtracted from the aid already going to India, Pakistan and Ceylon. The promises of the last two years express or implied are to be carried out. ★

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Ottawa's Creaky Divorce Machine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Regier, the young British Columbia MP who has led the CCF's campaign for divorce reform ever since his election in 1953. The House sent the bill for study to the own Private Bills Committee. At that point the bill slow all the case. The husband with drew his divorce petition the reason he gave in writing was the nasty publicity he had got but his lawyer told the Commons committee that the witnesses he had hired turned out to be utterly untrustworthy." The divorce committee has set yet regained among MPs the stature it lost by accepting their testimony.

Annually other less sensational cases are graver indictments of parliamentary divorce. Any court, however sound in theory and concept, can make stupid mistakes from time to time. But some recent judgments of the Senate Divorce Committee have been had not through individual error but through defects in the system itself.

Last winter one husband came seeking a divorce on the usual ground that his wife had committed adultery and he had no trouble proving this because the wife admitted it. She was an ignorant unskilled woman who hadn't lived with her husband for seven years. She earned her living as a waitress. She hadn't committed adultery as often as her husband's witnesses alleged; she told the committee, but on one occasion she had decided that since he was stepping out every night, she was entitled to do the same.

Why Did She Fight It?

According to the accepted practice of the Senate Divorce Committee no more proof than this was required. It was hard to make out from the Senate record why the girl had bothered to contest the divorce at all—it would have been cheaper to let it go through uncontested.

But when the bill came before the House Private Bills Committee some questions were asked that hadn't been asked before. It turned out that the husband had already got a judicial separation four years before on grounds of the same adultery. By Quebec law she was entitled to half the community property of their union.

Under cross-examination she has band reluctantly admitted that his wife took no legal advice at the time of their separation. He himself had told her that her share was half the value of their household furniture and had given her one thousand dollars as full and final payment.

Why had he included his business in his declaration of community property? Why hadn't he included his automobile, and various other items? Getting no satisfactory answer to these questions, MPs then asked whether he had ever had the separation agreement made final in court. They found he had not. They decided that he hadn't been seeking a divorce was to make sure his wife would never be able to claim her just share of their family possessions.

The House committee also learned that, so far as adultery was concerned, this husband was in no position to criticize his wife's behavior. In the end, committee chairman John Hunter, a Liberal MP from Toronto, summed up roughly as follows:

Gentlemen, we are a sovereign parliament and we can grant or refuse a divorce on any ground or no ground. In this case I suggest that the petitioner by his conduct has disentitled himself to the relief that he is asking." The committee unanimously agreed and the divorce bill which the Senate had passed was thrown out.

In a provincial divorce court all these background facts would have been known at the outset. As a matter of fortune, every petitioner must disclose any previous legal proceedings such as a judicial separation. He must also disclose any financial agreement or division of property and any arrangements for care or custody of the children. Adultery is the only ground for divorce in Canada (except in Nova Scotia where cruelty is also a ground) but divorce courts at least can take the general family situation into account.

Why Can't the Senate Divorce Committee do Likewise?

Senators answer that the reason is constitutional. The British North America Act gives the federal government jurisdiction over divorce but the provinces have authority on property and civil rights. Hence the argument runs, all such questions as alimony and the care of children must be left to provincial courts. The Senate and House of Commons must confine themselves to one question and one only: was adultery committed or was it not?

As a matter of fact the question of parliamentary constitutional authority has never been tested in court. Parliament in one case did include alimony provisions in a divorce act, when it dissolved the marriage of a couple named Campbell away back in 1879. The Campbell divorce was never appealed or even challenged. However some high court judges in the 1880s made indifferent remarks about it and the general opinion seemed to be that alimony was none of parliament's business. The tradition grew up which is observed to this day of confining the Senate committee's enquiry to the sole question of adultery.

Sometimes this makes it easier to get a divorce as in the cases above mentioned. Sometimes, and just as unfairly it makes divorce more difficult. Here's an example also from last winter—a batch of cases again the petitioner was a husband, the respondent an estranged wife to whom he was paying no alimony. The corresponding was a lodger in the wife's apartment but he solemnly swore that he slept on a sofa in the living room and dressed and undressed in the bathroom. The Senate committee disbelieved this tale and recommended divorce.

The House of Commons committee was not so sure. Perhaps because the petitioner's chief witnesses were those same discredited detectives who'd been convicted of fabricating evidence perhaps because of a fear that the wife might be left destitute the MPs threw out the Senate bill as well.

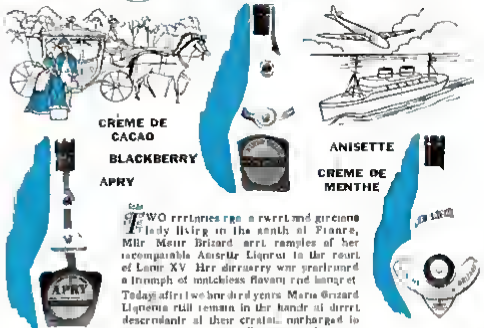
Actually the petitioner says he's quite willing to go on paying the allowance to his first wife and their child. All he wants, he says, is the freedom to marry again and begin a new life of his own. But under existing parliamentary procedure he never got a chance to testify to this effect, and

We're not allowed to meddle in alimony, senators say. But what's stopping them?

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therefore he didn't get his divorce.

One thing he can do though that he couldn't do in a court of law—he can come back again next session and seek another divorce bill on the same facts. In court this wouldn't be allowed because court judgments are final. Parliamentary judgments are not. Already, at least two of the five men whose divorces were blocked in the Commons last session have set things in motion for another try next year.

This gives the petitioner a heavy advantage if he is a rich husband and the respondent a poor wife. Presenting a defense is a costly business. The Senate committee can end often does order the petitioning husband to provide money for his wife's defense, but the funds thus ordered are seldom enough to pay everything.

House of Commons in 1954 and renewed by the husband in 1955, the wife wrote last January that she was abandoning her defense. The reason, she said, was that she had no more money.

To its credit the Senate Divorce Committee refused to accept this withdrawal. It reopened the case and ordered seventy-five dollars sent to the wife so she could come to Ottawa and defend herself. Eventually she won out; her husband's divorce bill was defeated in the House of Commons by a vote of 93 to 36. But when it was all over Erhart Regier told parliament the woman got a bill from her lawyer for eight hundred and fifty dollars.

Courts Tie a Tidy Package

On the other hand parliamentary divorce procedure can be equally unfair and equally exorbitant for the petitioner.

Of the five contested cases last session that went through the Senate but failed to pass the House only three were actually voted down either in committee or in the House itself. The other two were simply left on the order paper when parliament prorogued. CCF members, a small minority, had talked them out in the brief hour that parliament reserved for private bills on the second last day of the session. These two petitioners had paid upwards of one thousand dollars apiece for divorce bills which were approved at three of the four stages they had to go through and never actually disapproved at any stage. Yet to have their petitions heard next year they must start at the beginning and pay all over again.

None of these anomalies exist where divorces are granted by the courts. Courts can give final and definite judgments. Courts can assess costs against the loser, if they think fit. Courts can deal with all aspects of a divorce at once—dissolution of the marriage, custody of children, division of property—and tie them all up in one tidy inexpensive package.

Ironically, the place where a court's advantages over the Senate Divorce Committee are most clearly recognized is the Senate itself. It was the Senate that began the long fight to set up divorce courts for Ontario. Until 1930 Ontario citizens as well as Quebeckers had no means of obtaining divorces except by means of private acts of parliament. Senate bills to create Ontario divorce courts were passed three times by large majorities: in 1920, 1927 and 1928—before a similar measure ever got through the House of Commons.

The late Senator Lendrum McMeans, chairman of the Senate Divorce Committee for many years, told the Senate

Continued on page 64





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A Montreal salesman, making his first visit to Aylmer, Que., found it doesn't pay to follow too closely the directions of a pedestrian. Asking a passer-by about a certain street the salesman was told to drive to the end of Main Street. This he did only to discover that Main Street runs right into the Ottawa River—and so did his car, sinking in ten feet of water.

* * *

A Halifax matron entered a dry-cleaning store to take advantage of the pants-pressed while you wait service. He just removed his trousers and was sitting in a booth when he noticed a police constable approach his parked car and tag it for illegal parking—a genuine case of a man being caught with his pants down.

* * *

When a Vancouver woman was driving a car for the first time in fourteen years she was arrested on charges of driving while her ability was impaired. But her lawyer got her off after telling the court that her ability had not been impaired because she had no driving ability to begin with.

* * *

A Trenton, Ont., man spotted an object in the bush while hunting. He fired a volley of four shots at it and then ran to see what he had bagged. It was his automobile.

* * *

A group of government workers in Ottawa managed to get the better of local parking regulations by giving their car keys to an office boy and having him spend his working hours transferring each car as its parking time limit expired.

* * *

Sir Robert Watson Watt, British inventor of radar, ruefully admitted in Kingston, Ont., that his invention is a mixed blessing. He was fined twelve and a half dollars after police caught him in a speed trap—operated by radar.

* * *

A Montreal man testified in court that a four hundred pound accomplice picked up the rear of a parked automobile so he could steal its wheels.

* * *

When two Peterborough, Ont., youths were arrested for stealing a local lawyer's car, they requested that he act as their counsel.

* * *

A Toronto man was caught rubbing a chalk mark, used by police to check parking, off a tire of a parked automobile. He was fined ten dollars in spite of his plea that he had only erased the mark because the vehicle belonged to his boss' wife.

* * *

In Eastview, Ont., a wrecker bought a 1929 automobile for scrap but when he went out to haul home his purchase he got mixed up, picked up the wrong vehicle, cut it up for scrap and promptly got sued by the owner.

* * *

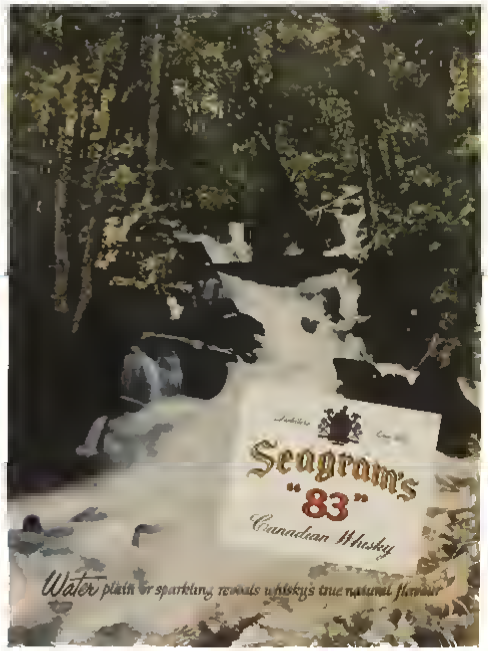
A Toronto man paid a ten-dollar fine after a policeman testified his car had a broken muffler, no emergency brake, no foot brake, no front or rear lights, no windshield wipers, no horn and no rear view mirror. "That thing shouldn't be on the road," said the magistrate. "It should be in the junk yard." "Where is it now?" "In the junk yard, sir," replied the defendant sadly.

* * *

British Columbia insurance adjusters wrestled with the problem: what happens when a motorist collides with an airplane? A plane developed engine trouble near Vernon and was forced to land on a highway where it crashed into an automobile.

* * *

An Edmonton man was fined five dollars and costs after he was charged with installing an old Model-T car horn next to his regular car horns in his '54 Buick and blowing the antique instrument with gusto as he drove through town.





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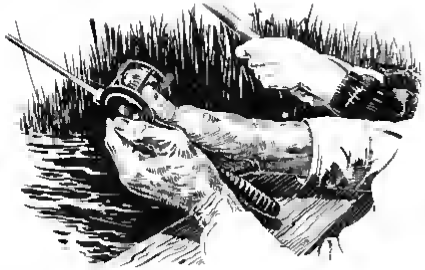
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in 1928 why its bill was getting no where in the House

"I was told that owing to some arrangement which has been made the government will not allow it to be discussed."

He didn't say what the "arrangement" was but his listeners understood him perfectly—the government was smothering the bill out of deference to Quebec and other Roman Catholic MPs. The man who frustrated this conspiracy of silence was J. S. Woodsworth founder and patron saint of the CCF who forced the Ontario Divorce Court Bill through the Commons almost single-handed. He did it by asking demure but devastating questions about the divorce bills themselves, which came before Commons.

Will the sponsor please explain this bill?" Woodsworth would ask. Or again: "Would the honorable member tell us what arrangements have been made for the children?" or "What is the basic cause of the trouble in this particular family?"

Of course the unlucky sponsor didn't know the answers usually he was the chairman of the House Private Bills Committee sometimes merely a friend of the lawyer for the petitioner but in either case putting his name to a bill of which he knew nothing whatever. However he could hardly say such questions were unreasonable. For three years Woodsworth and his running mate William Irvine, maintained a blockade in this fashion, until finally the Mackenzie King government threw in the sponge and enacted the Ontario Divorce Court Bill as one of its last acts before the election of 1930.

Some CCFers fired by Woodsworth's example, hope to use the same siege warfare tactics to do for Quebec and Newfoundland what their founder did for Ontario. They are unlikely to succeed. For one thing the Liberals haven't forgotten that the 1930 election was the one they lost. For another a divorce law for Quebec would start such a fight as would make the Ontario debate look tame.

Except for conscription, divorce is the most explosive and divisive question in all Canadian politics. To Roman Catholics, Quebec in particular, any attempt to impose it would be undoubtedly be regarded as an act of tyranny on the part of the Protestant majority. To some if not most Newfoundlanders it would be a breach of their terms of Confederation. Newfoundland came in with an agreement that her divorce laws or rather the lack of them would be among the Newfoundland institutions to be left intact.

Prime Minister St. Laurent took part in a debate in 1950 on a CCF bill to give Quebec and Newfoundland divorces to the Exchequer Court. He quoted Section 185 of the Quebec Civil Code which declares that marriage can only be dissolved by natural death of one of the parties while both live it is indissoluble."

"Why Create Controversy?"

Legislation against these Quebec law would be in the power of the federal parliament the prime minister admitted but it would be extremely distasteful to the large majority of people of that province. It would be strongly resented as religious grounds.

We have made considerable progress in recent years toward national unity. This matter now being debated is something which would be felt by a large number as imposition of a law which the people of Quebec do not want. Why do it? Simply because it would relieve us here of the painful duty of having to consider individual divorce bills, why create that controversy?

Baffled CCFers and other advocates of a divorce court often ask: Why do you object so violently to divorce in a court of law when you don't mind divorces going through parliament in bills lots every year?

Here is the answer given to parliament by André Grathier Liberal MP for Lake St. John Que.: Canada has no general divorce law. None of our lawmakers since 1867 ever deemed it proper to enact a general divorce law. Every petition for divorce submitted to parliament is an exceptional case.

To these "exceptional cases" even four hundred at a time, the Quebec MP is willing to turn a blind eye. He will not vote for them but he will abstain—that is why the recorded votes on divorce bills are always so small. A general law on which a court could act would be a different matter.

"Never will Quebec accept the principle of divorce," said Armand Dumas of Villeneuve. "By accepting this bill we would recognize divorce."

In practice Quebeckers are not always as hostile to divorce as they are in principle. An MP from a rural riding in the heart of down river Quebec was involved a few years ago in a divorce that set the gossips twittering for months nevertheless he was re-elected with an almost undiminished majority. Ostensibly Quebec tolerates parliamentary divorce bills merely as a sop to the Protestant minority but Senator Walter Aseltine kept track for several years of the petitioners before the Senate committee—twenty-five percent he found were Roman Catholics. Not long ago on a carefully snap vote in the House Private Bills Committee defeated a divorce bill from a Canadian petitioner. Next day the chairman reconvened the committee recalled the bill on a technicality and took the vote over again with a solid majority of Liberals voting "nye". The Opposition heard unofficially that the bill had been recalled at the request of some Quebec MPs the petitioner was a friend of theirs.

More Grounds Than Adulterer's

But in principle and for the record they are unalterably opposed to divorce under any and all circumstances. On any general divorce legislation they vote "no" on ordinary individual divorce bills they abstain from voting at all. Asked often walk out of the chamber if any divorce bill is discussed. Quebeckers will not serve on the committees of either house that must deal with divorces. This attitude has several ironic results. One is to leave parliamentary divorce in the hands of men who have no strong objection to it.

Senator Aseltine, longtime chairman of the divorce committee and still a leading member last spring introduced a bill to broaden the grounds of divorce by adding cruelty, desertion and incurable insanity to the sole existing ground of adultery. Among those who spoke warmly in favor of the bill was the present divorce committee chairman Senator Arthur Roebuck.

By the time these cases come to us, the real marriage is a thing of the past," Senator Roebuck said. "I have not found a single case in which we could defer action in the hope of re-establishing the true marriage." And he obviously felt that when the true marriage has broken down the legal knot had best be dissolved.

Senator George H. Ross who often serves as chairman of the committees on divorce said in the same debate:

"I'd like to see divorce actions transferred from parliament to the courts. I wonder if we could do this by making desirable Canada-wide instead of province-wide. Then people who live in Quebec and Newfoundland could get divorces in the courts of other provinces."

This suggestion was new to CCFers. Some of them are looking into it now to see if it is an improvement on their proposal to give divorce authority to the Exchequer Court.

But whatever these strange allies, the Senate and the CCF, may do the odds are against any fundamental change in the Canadian divorce system. It is bad medicine politically and the major parties won't touch it. Realistic talk less about creating a new divorce system than about improving the one we've got.

There is no serious criticism of the Senate's procedure in uncontested cases. Many are prepared by collusion often with fabricated evidence but although this may be suspected it is almost impossible to prove. The Senate committee is no more lax than any other divorce court in letting these go by. Criticism is focused entirely on the handful of cases—seventeen last year out of four hundred and fourteen petitions—in which the respondent opposes the divorce and presents evidence which contradicts that of the petitioner.

Our point is made in that the Senate committee is too lenient with liars.

When Egbert Regier got up in the Commons to report withdrawal of the case that had depended on the two "detectives" and their roommate he raked whose responsibility it was to prosecute such men for perjury. The Minister of Justice, Hon. Stuart Garson answered cautiously that the actual prosecution would be a matter for the attorney general of Ontario, but he thought some responsible official of the Senate committee might draw the matter to the attorney-general's attention.

So far as is known no Senate official has ever done this. There was one case in 1928 when a man was convicted and sentenced to two years for perjury before the Senate committee but the charge was laid by a slandered wife against the man who had borne false witness. The Senate itself takes no action against witnesses whom it disbelieves even when strong evidence of perjury is available.

Another frequent complaint is that of the high cost of Senate divorces. Much of this is outside the Senate's control but not all—some at least of the financial burdens are imposed by the Senate committee's own rules which could be altered at will.

This is equally true about matters of custody the gravest and most just of all—the Senate committee's failure to take any cognizance whatever of the general family situation the alimony arrangements if any the care and custody of the children.

Even if senators were right in thinking these to be provincial responsibilities under the "property and civil rights" clause the Parliament of Canada is sovereign and can act for its own reasons. Nothing prevents the Senate committee from demanding of every petitioner a full statement with documentary proof that these matters have been attended to. Whether or not the federal parliament has the right to impose these arrangements as part of a divorce bill it certainly has the right to refuse a divorce until it is satisfied the arrangements have been made.

All these points could be met by the Senate committee without passing a single law simply by making changes in its practice. If it made those changes it would deprive the CCF critics of every major indictment they have been able to make since their campaign began.

But unless and until it does make changes the senators may as well resign themselves to an annual ordeal of ridicule. ★



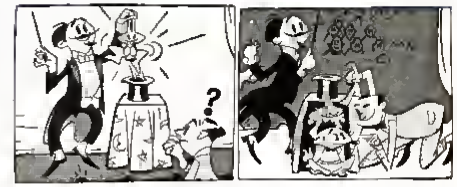
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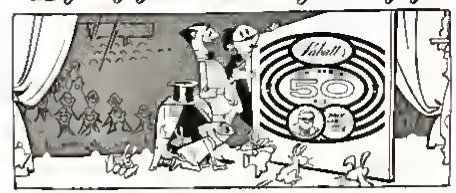
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Mailbag

Why They Hanged Ruth Ellis

I always enjoy Beverley Baxter's London Letter, but in the Sept. 17 number (The Hanging of Ruth Ellis) I wondered why his compassion was given to a woman who not only shot a man but continued to shoot when he was helpless. Few people agree with capital punishment. If a life sentence meant the murderer would be confined for life, I think most people would oppose the death penalty. It is the thought that, after years of confinement, the prisoner is turned loose to vent his anger on innocent people that keeps the public from joining in petitions to have the law changed.—Dorothy Douthwaite, Edmonton

● We are all against the death penalty provided murderers feel the same way.—Gustave G. Cayne, Cartierville, Que.

● Why should youth or beauty be a criterion whereby crime may be pardoned or condemned? The murder committed by Ruth Ellis was dictated by a direct challenge to law.—M. Mia Donald, Brule, N.S.

● There is nothing in the world that requires murder to be the only out and those that think so are unstable characters with retarded minds. A great portion of society is trying to make the criminal a hero instead of giving him just rewards for his deeds. They want to pamper and even praise him, and these persons have no fear of the law and no respect for society.

The ones who raise such a cry when a self-confessed murderer is hanged are the ones who will be first to shout for the "full treatment" should any criminal violence touch them.—J. E. Butler, Saskatoon.

Billy Graham's Campaign

Billy Graham's Campaign to Capture Toronto (Sept. 3) is outstanding reading. Several of my friends have had the pleasure of reading this article and were impressed and delighted to know of the splendid work undertaken in the Graham campaign. Your article helped stir up interest in the campaign from coast to coast.—F. W. Fawler, Vancouver.

● There is NOT another reason than the one stated by Billy Graham for so many people attending his meetings—namely the wish to find peace and security.—Leslie Hannon's statement of the Graham campaign being compounded on the precepts of Carnegie and Barnum bespeaks ignorance and prejudice. Such misstatements are only made by worldly men who have no conception of what it is to be a real Christian, so cannot understand that it is an awareness of the world's desperate need of God and His salvation. Everyone may have that salvation when it is revealed in such a forthright and urgent way as Graham does.—E. Campbell, Saskatoon.

● Your fascinating story has an ugly setting. Why the borderline ridicule and the language of the theatre and boxing arena when talking about a spiritual movement?—W. Harry Colclough, Vancouver.

● I read the article with interest and congratulate you on it. I do not know how you got W. P. Sangster named as a Baptist minister. He is the ex-president of all the Methodist churches of Great Britain.—F. Crossley Hunter, Toronto.

● All your sarcastic remarks cannot mar the wonderful work of God which He has wrought throughout the world through His faithful servant, Billy Graham. Judging by your article, you do not believe the Bible, or you could not use such terms as "Billy Graham machine" against a preacher of the Gospel.—Ellen Cullen, Port Arthur.

What's Wrong With Our Schools?

Having read your editorial "Why Should Illiterates Crowd the Colleges" (Sept. 17) I am at a loss to understand how illiterates obtain entrance to the colleges in the first place. The fact that the bursar needs the tests is beside the point.

Maybe I'm wrong, but it is a recognized fact that an illiterate is an uneducated person, so if our colleges are turning out uneducated students and passing them on to colleges then there must be something seriously wrong with our educational system.—William J. Parry, Belle River, Ont.

What to Call a Meal

I have just finished reading "The Most Exotic Meal I Ever Ate" by John Gunther, in your Sept. 17 issue.



How on earth did you avoid entitling the article "Inside Gunther"?—Franz Jost, Edmonton.

You're right. It was hard.

How the Readers See It

It was an event to read "The Magic Life," your first-prize story by Anne Henry (Sept. 17). I can almost hear the "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" she pictured so vividly. Congratulations.—Lillian B. Thomas, Winnipeg.

● I would suggest that the author of "The Magic Life" read "Take Me Home Again." Irene in the same issue. Your prize award tells a story that although about colorful people in a glamorous calling is obviously and boring. "Take Me Home Again" Irene is a rather implausible tale, but warm, interesting and convincing although about commonplace people.—C. A. Lakey, Toronto.

● Your Sept. 17 issue best yet. Articles on Scott Masson, Alcock and Knowlton terrific; Richard not safer driving rate tops.—Bert Richards, Toronto.

Pity the Song Writer!

So it is true. A song can be written and published in Canada by an unknown man who can't even read or write music (What Or Song Can Da, Sept. 17). Smart and very lucky Warwick Webster! I compliment him for his ingenuity and brass, even though I am green-eyed with envy.

When I wrote my first song lyric I paid a man fifty dollars to set it to



a melody. That must have been a mistake, for the world is still waiting to hear me try for fame and fortune. Since that crushing disappointment in 1936 I have bought ten musical instruments and have taught myself to read and write flats and rests, sharps and clefs and the only result is victor after eviction from my bed-sitting studio.—C. P. Stokes, Ottawa.

When is a Driver Safe?

While Bill McKinley has many good points in his article "So You Think You Can Drive" (Sept. 17), surely he is giving poor advice when he says a driver pulled away from a downtown curb without making a signal. The important point is that the driver pulling away from a curb should not do so until there is a space in the traffic lane for him. So many drivers make the mistake of thinking that putting out their hand entitles them to proceed, which of course is not the case.—Edwin Percy, Willowdale, Ont.

More Trouble in Hockey?

Are you trying to stir up trouble [illegible] before the hockey season begins with the article "The Strange Forces Behind the Richard Hockey Riot (Sept. 17)? Certainly Richard got what was coming to him, but in view of all he has had to put up with it is not surprising that he blew his top. It is not so long since you had an article about another player (Tony Leswick) who spent most of his time teasing other players, especially Richard.—A. A. Wilson, Vancouver.

● I have read Maclean's for eight years and have found no more enjoyable reading anywhere. But on this Richard riot I cannot go along with the assumption that it was a race riot in disguise. I appreciate rather John D. Griffin's explanation that "latent hostility to authority sometimes overflows."—Although recognizing the fact that there is some friction to be overcome, I am confident we are not doing it by taking up the hue and cry of race.—John W. Hope, Fort Alice, B.C. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

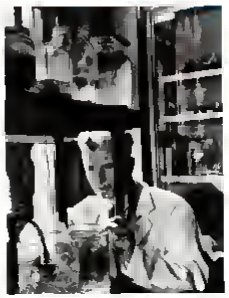
Our Multi-Talented Writers

TWO OF our most erudite contributors are represented in this issue of Maclean's. One is Dr. Norman J. Berrill who explains how animals tell the time on pages 22 and 23; the other is Dr. Bess Bannerman who reports with pungency and wit on the Rev. Egerton Ryerson on pages 20 and 21.

Dr. Berrill is a mild-talking, but often tough-writing, zoologist on the faculty of McGill University and he has been a frequent contributor to Maclean's for several years. His last book won a Governor-General's Medal and we are pleased to note that his new book, "Man's Emerging Mind," just published by Dodd, Mead, is receiving favorable critical attention.

Mr. Bannerman is the man who introduces Wednesday Night and as a result of being exposed to the CBC's weekly cultural offering he is usually able to answer all the difficult questions on a program called "Now I Ask You," especially those having to do with obscure Mozart quintets or plays by Racine.

We are often, however, confused when we listen to Mr. Bannerman on the air. Is it really Bannerman, we ask or is it that fellow Rowlands again? Sometimes Rawlade sounds more like Bannerman than Bannerman does. Rawlade, of course, is Max Ferguson, the talented disk jockey from Halifax who can imitate anybody, but can imitate Mr. Bannerman even better than anybody. We publish his picture next to Mr. Bannerman's for easy identification.

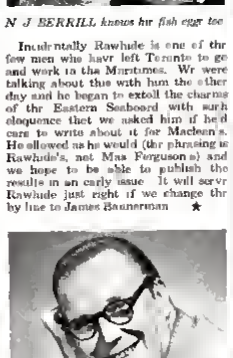


N. J. BERRILL knows his fish eggs too

Incidentally Rawlade is one of the few men who have left Toronto to go and work in the Maritimes. We were talking about this with him the other day and he began to extoll the charms of the Eastern Seaboard with such eloquence that we asked him if he'd care to write about it for Maclean's. He allowed as he would (the phrasing is Rawlade's, not Mrs. Ferguson's) and we hope to be able to publish the results in an early issue. It will serve Rawlade just right if we change the by line to James Bannerman. ★



RAWHIDE can imitate anybody, but JAMES BANNERMAN is his star turn.

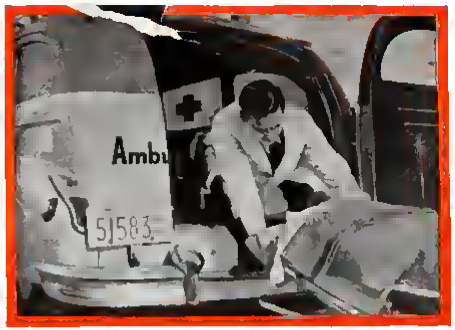




MACLEAN'S

An old champion fights back

Artist Rex Woods got the idea for this month's cover from an item in a Toronto newspaper. It said that a householder was asking the courts to restrain an apartment builder from allowing building materials to be strewn on his lawn. Weeds dropped around to Poplar Plains Road in an older residential section where new apartment buildings are sprouting almost overnight. And there sure enough were the two combatants. But what a difference in their ages!



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PARADE

AS THE unhappy crossfire of charges and counter-charges continued at Vancouver's police bribery probe one irate taxpayer took action himself to protect his premises from those without the law. He tacked on his door on Granville St. a crudely printed sign: "Wrong door—bootlegger next door."

• • •

A stenographer who works in Montreal's Windsor Station left for home the other evening and approached her familiar car stop to find a construction gang at work in the road. She watched them with interest for a few minutes, even thought to herself how nice it was to have something to take her mind off the tiresome wait for her trolley—before it suddenly dawned on her there wasn't going to be any streetcar along ever again. The workmen were tearing up the tracks to make way for a new bus route.

• • •

To cap their annual and highly successful duck shoot, twelve enthusiastic Perry Sound, Ont., hunters arranged to gather for a duck dinner at the home of one. Unfortunately one chap warned them he had to work late, but insisted that they go ahead with the meal and he'd catch up on arrival. Well, you know how a bunch of sports have to clown it up. There was much hearty slapping of knees as they hatched the plot, and then when the latecomer arrived there was nothing but poker faces as the rest of them went ahead with dessert while the newcomer received a dinner plate laden with potatoes, cranberry sauce, dressing and one



small roasted duck heart. The latecomer didn't protest this treatment at all, simply pulled a package from his pocket, unwound some wax paper and slipped a piping hot roast duck onto his plate which he proceeded to eat with gusto.

• • •

Following a minor accident a Winnipeg driver dropped into the police station to tell his side of the story. He was given a form to fill out which asked him to state his version of the accident. Whereupon he wrote: "At the time of the accident my version was good."

Only a real old-fashioned winter, bringing enough snow and bitter cold to drive all Mother Nature's creatures into hibernation, will bring peaceful week-ends at home to two tender-hearted women who live in Toronto's Forest Hill Village. All summer and all fall they were plagued by a colony of grey squirrels that took up residence in the trees at the foot of their garden. Victory seemed theirs when they found a large trap with a little door that snaps shut



without hurting the squirrel, but a sympathetic friend asked, "What do you do with the squirrels you catch after you've got them in the cage?"

"Oh, we drive up to Orillia every week-end and let the little scamps out."

• • •

About twenty minutes after their take-off from Toronto's Malton Airport, a father turned to his excited five-year-old daughter and asked her how she liked her first flight. "Fine," she said. "But daddy, when do we start getting smaller?"

• • •

A farmer near Prince Albert, Sask., is convinced inflation is done for and we're back to a hard currency since he reported a slow leak to his garageman and had the soft tire taken off his truck. From between tube and tire the repairman plucked three bills—a five and two ones—folded ever-lwer into a compact rectangle.

• • •

While Mr. Hewe was being accused of letting the Yanks steal Avro's flying saucer project because Ottawa wouldn't back it, the Vancouver Sun reported a new secret weapon being tried out at army manoeuvres in Camp Gagetown, N.B. The exercise is being staged to train elephants of the division in operational roles." declared the Sun, chucking security rules to the winds, but it stopped short of reporting those rumors that a new young general named Hannibal had lately gained the ear of the high brass.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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See "The Watch Fashion Parade," December to November issues, at your jeweler's. You'll see a lot of Switzerland, too. In the new watches the Swiss are smartest for creative ways all the time.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



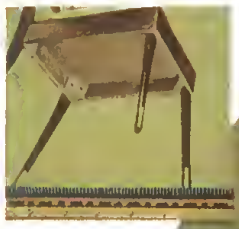


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